THE BOMB



1901

Chas E Wingo Sr

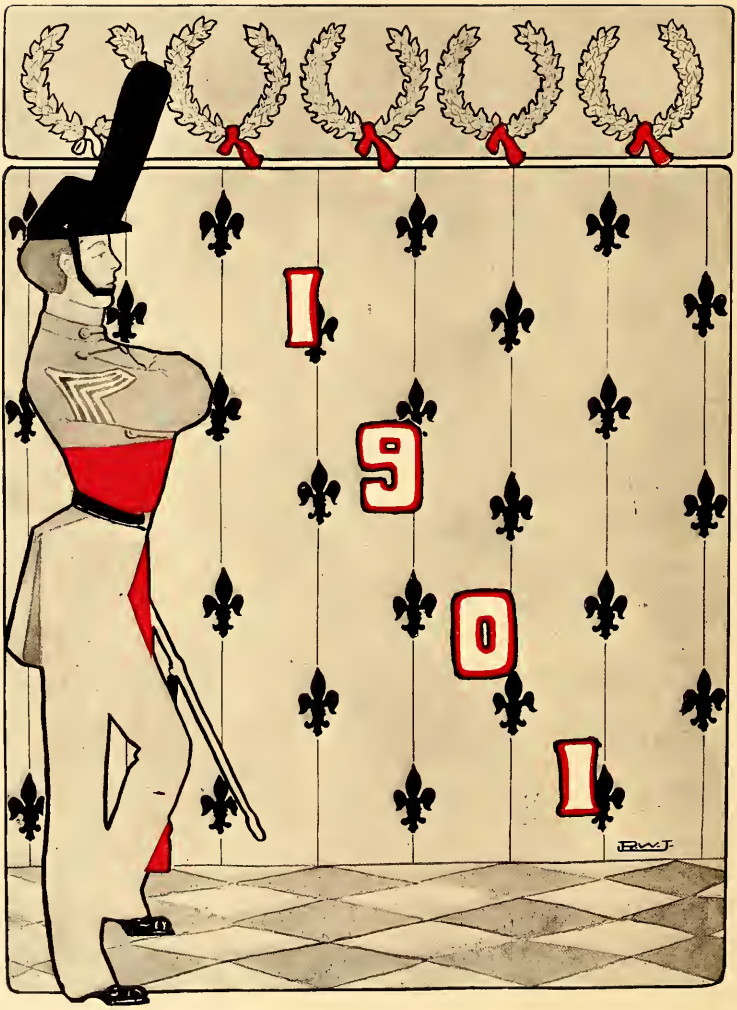
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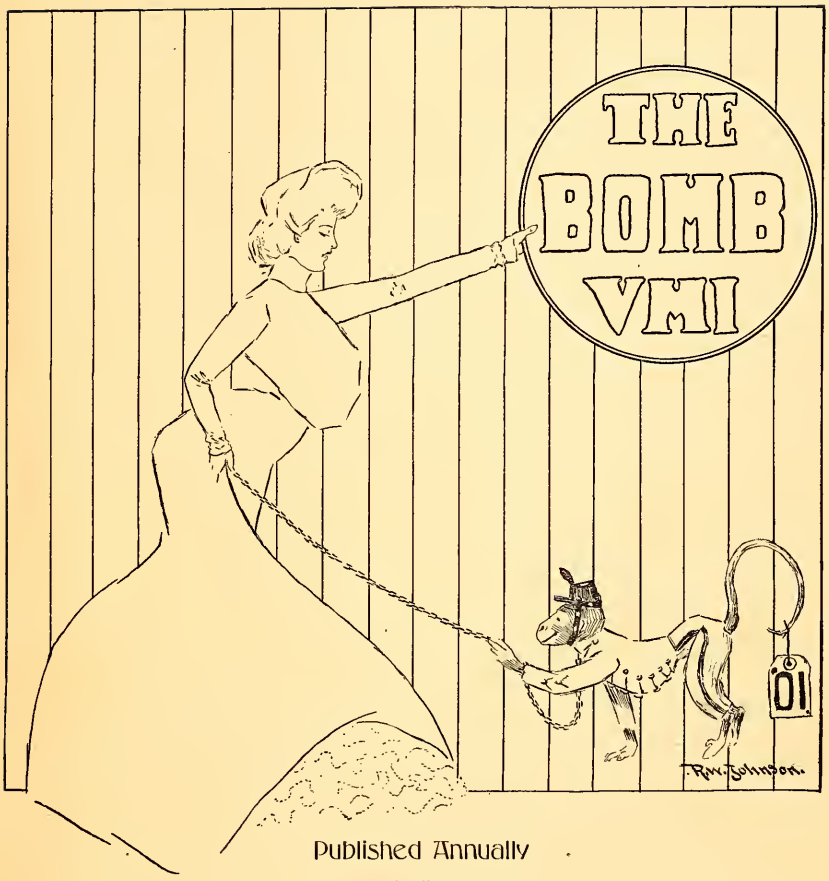
THE V.M.I. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

By C. E. Wingo III,
nephew of C. E. Wingo Jr. '01

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1901



Published Annually

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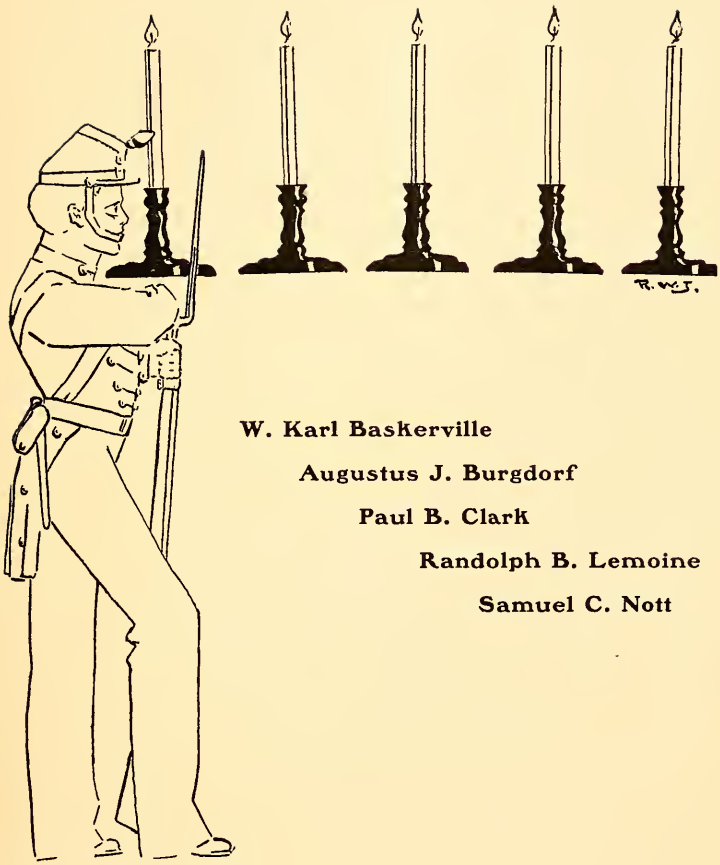
Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute,

Lexington, Virginia.

DEDICATION.



This volume is dedicated with love and reverence to the Sacred Memory of those members of the Class of 1901 whom death has taken from us.



W. Karl Baskerville

Augustus J. Burgdorf

Paul B. Clark

Randolph B. Lemoine

Samuel C. Nott

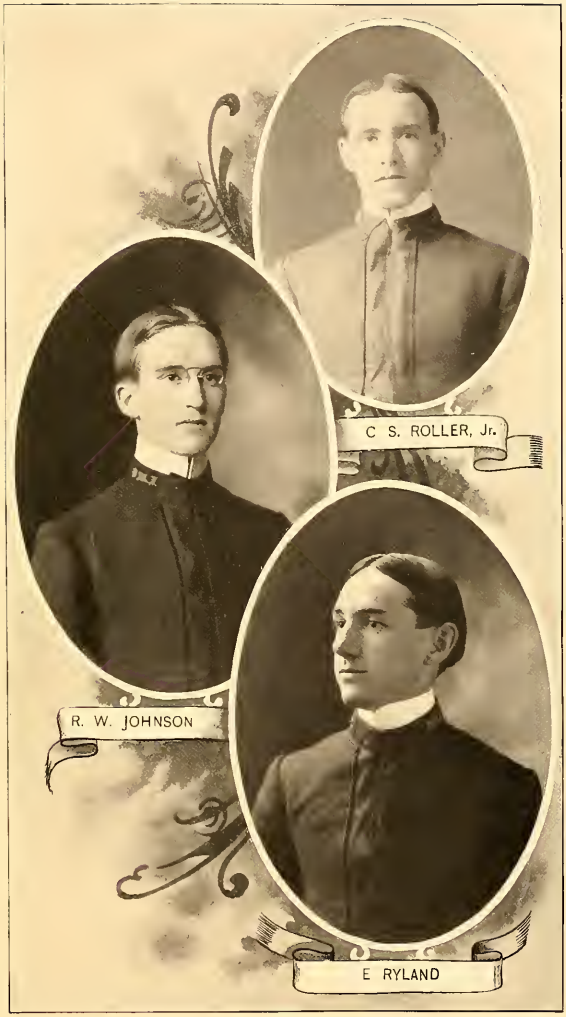
GREETINGS.

Our hearty greetings do we here extend,
And this, the record of what we have done—
This simple tribute to old 1901—
We to your tender mercies do commend

And thou! our Alma Mater most benign,
Would that our work were worthy of thy shrine!
Thou, who in our hearts art first and last—
The honored mother of our honored Class—
All that we have, is thine!

EDITOR.




C. S. ROLLER, Jr.
R. W. JOHNSON
E. RYLAND


J. L. CABELL
E. S. MARTIN
H. P. FRY
M. H. HUDGINS



EDITORIAL.

APPRECIATIVE reader, bear with us while we launch this our frail craft on the waters of unfeeling criticism, and let the bottle broken on the bow be filled, not with the sparkling champagne of your clever satire, but with the milder wine of toleration for any faults in plan or construction. "If you can't boost, don't knock." Perhaps we, lacking taste, talent, and teaching, have gone out of our line in attempting to turn out a literary masterpiece in this purely practical Institution; so, if we have rushed in where angels feared to tread, or mounted our Pegasus to heights above, showing but poor horsemanship, just try to forget it.

With which enfilade of metaphors well mixed, we beg to submit THE BOMB, our record of the year past, and a tribute to the Institute, hoping it may ricochet its way into the hearts of true cadets, kindling the bright memories of their erstwhile Home.

THE EDITORS.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

*Otho V. Kean Editor-in Chief

Charles S. Roller, Jr. Business Manager and Acting Editor-in-Chief

Robert W. Johnson Illustrator-in-Chief and Associate Editor

Edward Ryland Advertising Editor

H. Peck Fry Associate Editor

Morgan H. Hudgins Associate Editor

John L. Cabell Assistant Business Manager

E. Scott Martin Assistant Advertising Editor

*Resigned from the Institute to enter the United States Military Academy.

THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 11th, 1839.

Institute Colors.

RED, WHITE AND YELLOW.

Institute Yell.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Virginia !
Military Institute ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Rah ! Hoo ! Ri ! Rah ! Hoo ! Ri !
Ri ! Ri ! V. M. I.



PARADE GROUND AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS



THE QUESTION?

We stopped in our stroll, just she and I,
And though really there was no reason why;
Then we talked of kisses, as is Love's way,
And her lips said No, though her eyes said Yea.
Now, knowing the lips may moralize,
I may have hearkened unto the eyes,
For a harebell, which had raised its head
To hear what the yellow cowslips said,
Saw only the glow of a crimson streak,
As a blush died way on the maiden's cheek

O V K. '01.

ACADEMIC STAFF.

1 General SCOTT SHIPP, LL. D.,
Superintendent.

2 Colonel JOHN M. BROOKE,
Emeritus Professor of Physics and Astronomy.

3 Colonel THOMAS M. SEMMES,
Professor of Modern Languages and Rhetoric.

4 Colonel E. W. NICHOLS,
Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics.

5 Colonel R. A. MARR,
Professor of Engineering and Drawing.

6 Colonel HUNTER PENDLETON, M. A., Ph D.,
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry.

7 Colonel N. B. TUCKER, C. E., B. S.,
Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, and Associate Professor of Chemistry.

8 Colonel FRANCIS MALLORY, C. E.,
Professor of Physics and Astronomy.

9 Major R. C. MARSHALL, Jr., B. S.,
Acting Commandant of Cadets, and Professor of Military Science.

10 Major C. B. SLEMP, B. S.,
Adjunct Professor of Mathematics.

11 Major H. C. FORD, B. S., Ph. D.,
Adjunct Professor of Latin and English.

12 Captain H. E. HYATT, B. S.,
Assistant Professor of Chemistry.

13 Captain C. W. WATTS, B. S.,
Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

14 Captain G. P. MARROW, B. S.,
Assistant Professor of Drawing and Tactics.

15 Captain T. MILTON, B. S.,
Assistant Professor of Physics, Astronomy, and Tactics.

16 Captain H. STOCKDELL,
Assistant Professor of Modern Languages and Tactics.

17 Captain J. H. WOOD, Jr.,
Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Tactics.

18 Captain G. A. DERBYSHIRE, B. S,
Assistant Professor of German, English, and Tactics.

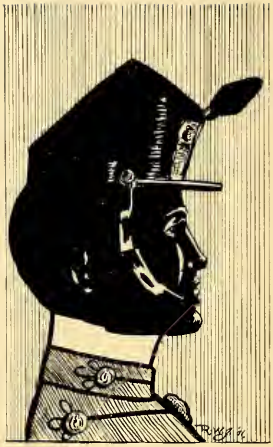
19 Captain J. J. MARSHALL,
Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

20 Captain J. W. HYATT, B. S.,
Assistant Professor of Drawing.




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MILITARY STAFF.

Captain H. E. HYATT,
Adjutant.

21 Major HAMILTON P. HOWARD, M. D.,
Surgeon.

Colonel W. T. POAGUE,
Treasurer and Military Storekeeper.

Major F. W. HOUSTON,
Commissary and Quartermaster.

Captain J. W. GILLOCK,
Assistant Military Storekeeper.

BATTALION ORGANIZATION.

Staff.

9 T. S. CARTER Lieutenant and Adjutant
15 C. S. ROLLER Lieutenant and Quartermaster
M. I. FORBES Sergeant-Major

Co. "A."	Co. "B."	Co. "C."	Co. "D."
Captains.			
11 G. C. Marshall[1]	12 W. W. Sheppard[3]	14 St. J. R. Marshall[4]	6 C. C. McCabe[2]
First Lieutenants.			
5 L. A. Britton[1]	7 E. S. Martin[3]	1 W. Goodwin[4]	8 M. H. Hudgins[2]
Second Lieutenants.			
4 E. L. Cannon[1]	6 P. B. Peyton[3]	3 F. C. Elliot[4]	2 O. V. Kean[2]
First Sergeants.			
I. B. Johnson[1]	P. A. Tillery[3]	H. J. Geiger[4]	J. C. Wise[2]
Sergeants.			
E. D. Jackson[1]	A. B. Rawn[3]	R. F. Beirne[4]	R. A. Risser[2]
W. P. Upshur[5]	J. B. Wright[7]	H. W. Stude[8]	R. M. August[6]
N. T. Luning[9]	J. W. Gleason[11]	M. F. M. Werth[12]	E. R. deSteiger[10]
M. Q. Kelly[13]	B. H. Tucker[15]	W. V. Smiley[16]	F. C. McConnell[14]
Corporals.			
G. S. Dewey[1]	R. B. Claggett[3]	D. P. Smith[4]	H. P. Rankin[2]
S. S. Lee[5]	N. D. Emerson[7]	J. D. Owen[8]	J. H. Ellerson[6]
J. B. Sinclair[9]	W. B. Anderson[11]	J. Hicks[12]	S. G. Whittle[10]
W. L. Carneal[13]	C. T. Randle[15]	W. H. Tate[16]	R. S. Cohen[14]
H. L. Flowerree[17]	P. Alexander[19]	R. E. Swift[20]	W. Turnbull[18]

12 R.C. Marshall Jr.



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COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

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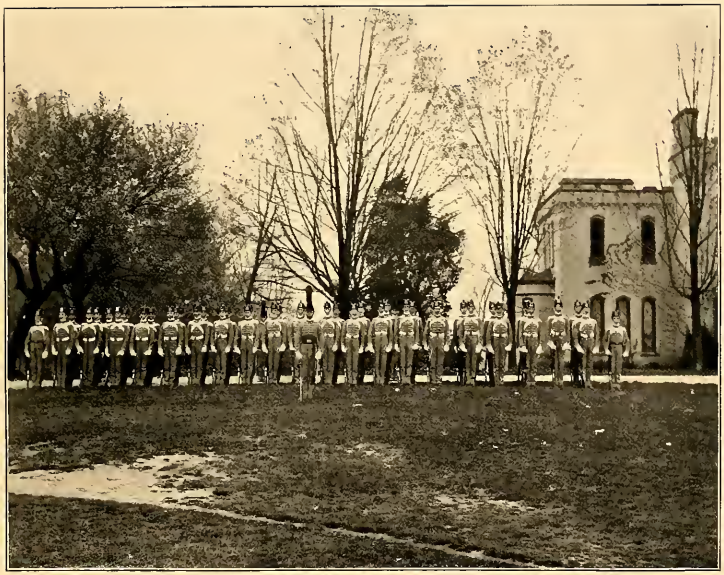
A COMPANY



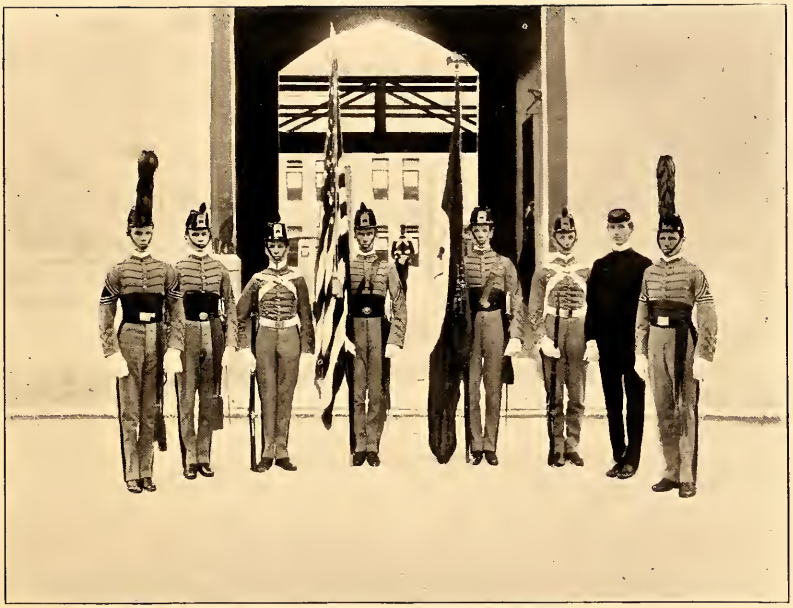
B COMPANY



C COMPANY



D COMPANY



STAFF AND COLORS



The Clafses.

CLASS OF 1901.

COLORS: White and Purple.

Officers.

C. C. McCABE, Maryland President
A. E. MILLER, Virginia Vice-President
R. W. JOHNSON, Arkansas Historian

Class Song of 1901.

(AIR: "AULD LANG SYNE.")

Behold the Class of Naughty-One,
A fine lot as you see,
We 're not too tall, nor yet too small,
A jolly crowd are we.
Purple and white our colors are;
A combination fine,
More handsome boys, the people say,
Were never found in line.

From every State each mother's son
A noble work has done,
Now years of toil have passed away,
Our race is nearly run.
To win our class undying fame,
Our aim so true and bold,
Our Alma Mater's honored name
In reverence we shall hold.

CHORUS:

A famous class is this of ours,
In number, thirty-five,
We 're bound by ties of friendship strong,
Dear Class of Nineteen One.

R., L. and A.

MEMBERS FIRST CLASS.

21 FITZHUGH BERRY ALDERDICE *Washington Street, Hagerstown, Md.*
Figure Final German.

17 JOHN BOUCHER BLUNT *303 East Main Street, Richmond, Va.*
Figure Final German.

27 LEROY ANDERSON BRITTON *Pensaukin, N. J.*
Fourth Corporal A Company; Second Sergeant C Company; First Lieutenant A Company; President Glee Club; Figure Final German.

34 JOHN LOTTIER CABELL *511 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.*
Assistant Business Manager BOMB; Figure Final German.

5 EDWARD LEGRAND CANNON *136 Bute Street, Norfolk, Va.*
Third Corporal B Company; Second Sergeant C Company; Second Lieutenant A Company; Assistant Manager Baseball Team.

33 TAYLOR SCOTT CARTER *Mount Jackson, Virginia.*
Second Corporal C Company; Sergeant Major; Adjutant; Chief Marshal Final Ball; Figure Final German.

HOWARD BYRON CASTLEMAN *Gaylord, Virginia.*
First Corporal C Company; First Sergeant B Company; Vice-President Dialectic Society; Secretary and Vice-President Young Men's Christian Association; Captain B Company.

22 ISAAC DAVENPORT *716 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.*
Fifth Sergeant C Company; Figure Final German.

18 FREDERICK COTTEN ELLIOT *Tallahassee, Florida*
Third Sergeant A Company; Second Lieutenant C Company; Figure Final German; First Marksmanship Medal.

12 HENRY PECK FRY *Highland Park, Chattanooga, Tenn.*
Associate Editor of BOMB; President Cadet-Dialectic Society; Figure Final German.

23 DAVID EWING GODFREY . *Care Colonel E. S. Godfrey, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.*
Figure Final German; Official Scorer of Baseball.

26 WALTON GOODWIN, JR. *Care Commodore Goodwin, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.*
Fifth Sergeant D. Company; First Lieutenant C Company; Figure Final German.

15 EDMUND BOLLING HUBARD *Salem, Va.*
Figure Final German; Sub Football Team.

10 MORGAN HUGHES HUDGINS *209 Middle Street, Portsmouth, Va.*
Third Sergeant B Company; First Lieutenant D Company; Associate Editor BOMB; Figure Final German; Figure Final Ball; Shortstop Baseball Team; Sub Football Team.

36 JAMES BANKS HUDSON *216 North Fifty-First Street, Waco, Tex.*
Fourth Corporal C Company; Manager Football Team; Member Athletic Executive Committee; Member German Club.

16 JAMES VANDEGRIFT JOHNSON *507 East Seventh Street, Little Rock, Ark.*
Secretary Young Men's Christian Association; President Young Men's Christian Association.

8 ROBERT WARD JOHNSON *601 East Fifth Street, Little Rock, Ark.*
Fourth Corporal D Company; Third Sergeant D Company; Class Historian; Figure Final German; Figure Final Ball; Illustrator-in-Chief and Associate Editor of BOMB.

9 OTHO VAUGHAN KEAN *Lynchburg, Va.*
Third Sergeant C Company; Second Lieutenant D Company; Figure Final Ball; Figure Final German; Editor-in-Chief of BOMB; Manager Football Team.

19 GEORGE CORNELIUS REID KELLY *126 Duke Street, Norfolk, Va.*
Figure Final German.

JOSEPH MASS LEVY *Galveston, Tex.*
Committee Final Ball.

13 HUGH JAMES MACINTYRE *Thomasville, Ga.*
Fifth Sergeant A Company; President Cadet-Dialectic Society; Declaimer Medalist.

31 GEORGE CATLETT MARSHALL *130 West Main Street, Uniontown, Penn.*
First Corporal A Company; First Sergeant A Company; Captain A Company; Vice-President Final Ball; Tackle Football Team; Figure Final German.

24 ST. JULIEN RAVENEL MARSHALL *111 Middle Street, Portsmouth, Va.*
Third Sergeant A Company; Captain C Company; Figure Final Ball; Assistant Leader Final German; Sub Football Team; Sub Baseball Team.

32 EDWIN SCOTT MARTIN *Farmville, Va.*
Fourth Sergeant C Company; First Lieutenant B Company; Associate Editor BOMB; President Final German; Figure Final Ball; Manager Glee Club; Sub Football Team.

28 CALVERT CORNELIUS MCCABE . . . *2124 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, Md.*
First Corporal C Company; First Sergeant D Company; Captain D Company; President of Class; Figure Final Ball; Assistant Leader Final German; Captain and Second Base Baseball Team; Half-back Football Team; Member Athletic Executive Committee; Assistant Manager Football Team.

30 ALEXANDER ERSKINE MILLER *Staunton, Va.*
First Corporal D Company; First Color Sergeant; First Lieutenant A Company; Vice-President Class; President Final Ball; Figure Final German; Half-back Football Team; Assistant Manager of Football Team; Secretary Cadet Society.

25 ROBINSON MONCURE *Falmouth, Va.*
Vice-President Cadet Society.

14 LEONARD KIMBALL NICHOLSON . . . *1701 Jackson Avenue, New Orleans, La.*
Figure Final German.

6 PHILIP BRADLEY PEYTON *Fourteenth Street, Charlottesville, Va.*
Fifth Sergeant B Company; Second Lieutenant B Company; Right Field Baseball Team; Member German Club.

11 CHARLES SUMMERVILLE ROLLER, JR. *Fort Defiance, Va.*
Second Color Sergeant; Quartermaster; Captain and Quarter-back Football Team; Assistant Leader Final German; Vice-President Cadet Society; Treasurer Young Men's Christian Association; Vice-President Athletic Association; President General Athletic Association; Chairman Committee Final Ball; Catcher Baseball Team; Assistant Manager Baseball Team; Member Athletic Executive Committee; Business Manager and Acting Editor-in-Chief of BOMB; Valedictorian of Class.

4 WOOSTER DUDLEY RUCKER *Stuart, Va.*
Fourth Sergeant B Company; Figure Final German.

1 EDWARD RYLAND *Richmond, Va.*
Manager Baseball Team; Advertising Editor of BOMB; Member Athletic Executive Committee; Member German Club.

2 WILLIAM WALLACE SHEPPARD *Edgefield, S. C.*
First Sergeant C Company; Captain B Company, Figure Final German.

7 CHARLES EDWARD STUART *Alexandria, Va.*
Figure Final German; Debater Medalist.

20 CHARLES LEFORESTER TODD . . . *509 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.*
Figure Final German.

35 LAURENCE DADE WALL *Buck Lodge, Md.*
Figure Final German.

29 GEORGE WILLIAM WATSON *25 Union Street, Petersburg, Va.*
Third Corporal B Company; Fourth Sergeant B Company; Figure Final Ball; Figure Final German.

3 MERRITT MARVIN WILFORD *Bowling Green, Ky.*
Figure Final German; German Club.

37 CHARLES EVANS WINGO *902 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.*
Figure Final German; Second Marksmanship Medal.

Castleman and Levy not in picture.





CLASS OF 1901

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33
34 35 36 37



HISTORY OF 1901.

AS DEFINED by Webster a history is "a methodical record of important events which concern a community of men, usually arranged so as to show the connection of causes and effects;" therefore this title is confusing, not to say deceptive. For far from methodical are these "musings without methods;" a "record of the important events" which have marked each year of the four, would fill volumes; and an arrangement showing "the connection of causes and effect" would imply the presence of logic, deduction, induction, *et cetera*, elements totally foreign to the writer. So look not for rhyme or reason in this dissertation on a class,—as a class not unlike a score of others, yet in the personality of its individual members, each an artist in his line, as original and peculiar as the best side-show on the road. The Rodentian Period of the life of the Oughtonians opened with the appearance of a myriad of these animals

amid the limestone of Rockbridge County at Lexington, " Athens of the South," its metropolis and county-seat, on the first day of September, 1897. Preceding this time naught of their life can as yet be ascertained; and that their presence in this Eden was due to the condensation of the hydrated atmosphere surrounding the earth in its nebular form, or that these bright lights were the residue of a contemporaneous meteoric storm, is yet but a hypothetical solution of the problem. But aside from all such detonations and explosions of technical terms and scientific nomenclature, it is true that an ever-thoughtful Fate, Kismet, or Destiny, through the medium of a juvenile ambition to play soldier, the patriotism of parents, or the Institute's reputation as a reformatory, brought together '01, as the emerald green, woefully blue and red in places.

Enough for our primitive state: after that we followed with Darwinian exactness the process of evolution. Owing to one continual Struggle for Existence we are, as found to-day, a questionable illustration of the Survival of the Fittest. For the first long, long year, it was a struggle. Never did the chosen people of Biblical fame chafe under their yoke of bondage as did we. In that time small character and less mental development appeared on the surface, and we floundered on to all the vain-glory of the secondary period, not because of but in spite of external forces continually in opposition. Then came the first few weeks of wildest delight at the novelty of apparent power, the first taste of official supremacy and chevrons, and the awakened ambition for the bright scintillation of the sash and sword. Chevrons, chevrons, under the masquerade of duty, how many crimes are committed in thy name! An honor, yes; and more effectually a ball and chain, enforcing good behavior.

The tertiary period opened and closed with the class undivided. What more can be said? This period marked the culmination of militarism. Many were the chevrons, much the running. The sweetness of power but tasted in the Third Class was developed into an all-devouring appetite, a passion. That other restless yearning also was here first felt,—the " Calic hunger;" that fascinating hypnotic power, which by some occult agency forces one to vainly wear tight belts, imagine a thirty-inch chest expansion forty, and walk on air to the tune of one's heart's beats instead of Krause's mediæval marches. The year closed happily. Finals—our finals,—the climax is reached! We stand alone on the dizzy heights; we gasp, choke, nearly suffocate with the glory of it all! Oh! Conceit, all powerful worker of wonders, you 're all the goods!

Three years gone by, and in those three were we four times visited by that sable-cloaked angel, Death, and still once again this year. Four of our classmates, —Augustus Bergdorf, Randolph Lemoine, Samuel Nott, and Paul Clark,—all within one year, were called from our midst; and this year came the sad news of the death of Carl Baskerville, who left us last year owing to his failing health. That they, to whom this volume is dedicated, may sleep in peace, is the prayer of their grieved classmates. So amid our wreath of happiness are entwined flowers of sadness, the ever-enduring remembrances from the Creator of an unquestionable wisdom that passeth all understanding, before which we can but bow.

With a matriculation of over a hundred, the fourth and last year finds us in number reduced to thirty-six, and with the strong tie of mutual regard and trust as individual classmates and as a whole increased tenfold. We are the whole show from overture to curtain. With our blues and limited number of plumes captured last June, we have gone into our last year intent upon ending alumni, notwithstanding Saturday night permits and religious fanaticism, made evident every Sunday evening by an unquenchable desire to attend divine service. With "Irish" McCabe, president since our rat days, as a class we flatter ourselves we are every inch a success. In football, with "Dutchy" Roller giving the signals, and both half-backs and a guard from '01, there has been a team here this year, the like of which was never heard of in the annals of the Institute. And from present prospects the baseball nine will follow the example. Then there is the distinction to be gained in the section-room: and many are the "maxes," and as the sand of the sea innumerable are the "threes" thrust upon us. In the Sciences, our knowledge is immeasurable with a balance, voltometer, or theodolite. In "Belle-lettres," take this superb volume as an example and proof of our cultured esthetic taste. In the word painting of the immortal Ruskin, "We 're just the cheese."

We 've had our fun. We 've broken most every law of the Decalogue, and all of the Regulations; so we feel we can honestly take our dips with clear consciences and all the inward satisfaction of something attempted, nothing done. Not that there 's "nothing doing," but that the doctrine of least work has been universally adopted. We have not made Milwaukee famous, nor are we advertised by our loving friends, but the key to our success is in our unity of action. We admit ourselves to be a consolidated trust, for we have killed

internal competition by cornering the market in good-will and good-fellowship. And better than silver and gold is this our capital. What though afterwards life's journey seem a hard and difficult path to travel, and we seem at first not quite prepared, can we ever look back on our four years spent here with any feelings of regret? No, no; even when grown hardened with toil and trouble, cynical in the grovel after shekels, or bowed down with sorrow and age, may we one and all look back on this bright heyday of our youth with the same sweet yearning, made stronger by time, as we feel each day we approach the final roll-call.

"Oh! happy days, thy memory lingers,
Like some sweet dream we see thee as we part;
We 'll close thy tomb with holy, tender fingers,
Thou 'lt lie embalmed 'mid spices of the heart."

HISTORIAN.

CLASS OF 1902.

COLORS : Crimson and Gray.

Officers.

T. M. RINEHART, Virginia President
A. B. RAWN, Virginia Vice-President
M. Q. KELLY, Virginia Historian

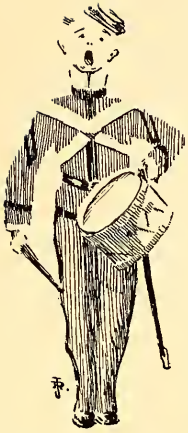
Members.

Adams, Alfred A. Lynchburg, Va.
Allen, Joseph C. Corsicana, Tex.
August, Robert M. Richmond, Va.
Bailey, Roy M. Savannah, Ga.
Barnett, J. Mercer Gainesville, Ga.
Bass, Lucien L. Richmond, Va.
Beirne, Richard F. Ashland, Va.
Blundon, Montague Baltimore, Md.
Downer, J. Walker Norfolk, Va.
Downing, Frederick B. . Sharp's Wharf, Va.
Eastham, Robert F. Flint Hill, Va.
Flowers, Edward Vicksburg, Miss.
Forbes, M. Innes Warrenton, Va.
Garland, Herbert G. Lynchburg, Va.
Geiger, Henry J. Staunton, Va.
Gleason, James W. Covington, Va.
Howard, Hugh M. . . . Washington, D. C.
Jackson, E. Douglas . . . Front Royal, Va.
Johnson, I. Branch Norfolk, Va.
Johnston, A. Langstaff . . . Richmond, Va.
Johnston, Charles Salem, Va.
Kelly, Max Q. Lynchburg, Va.
Kirk, Todd Kirksville, Mo.
Lewis, Beverly C. Richmond, Va.
Lowry, Frank K. Bedford City, Va.
Luning, Nicholas T. Oakland, Cal.
Marshall, Myron B. Portsmouth, Va.
Maury, Richard F. Brooklyn, N. Y.
McCance, Henry M. Manchester, Va.
McConnell, Fred C. Mobile, Ala.
McNeil, Tobias S. Bristol, Va.
Meginniss, Regester Baltimore, Md.
Mizell, Everett King's Ferry, Fla.
Page, John D. Princess Anne, Md.
Parrish, Frederick M. . . . Portsmouth, Va.
Perkins, Andrew C. Augusta, Ga.
Rawn, Andrew B. Roanoke, Va.
Rinehart, Thomas M. Covington, Va.
Risser, Ralph A. Calvert, Tex.
Rogers, James H. Maysville, Ky.
Smiley, William V. . . Moffett's Creek, Va.
de Steiger, Eugene R. . . . San Marcos, Tex.
Stude, Henry W. Houston, Tex.
Tillery, Paul A. Edenton, N. C.
Tucker, Beverley H. Richmond, Va.
Tutwiler, Herbert Birmingham, Ala.
Upshur, William P. . . . Richmond, Va.
Werth, M. F. Maury Richmond, Va.
Wise, Jennings C. New York, N. Y.
Wright, Jessie B. Allwood, Va.





CLASS OF 1902.



HISTORY OF 1902.

FOR two solid hours I have been sitting here fusing the midnight carbon, and fusing out at every attempt to find an entirely original way of expressing my thoughts, which thoughts I have been kindly requested by the editor-in-chief to hand in to him to-morrow. I had succeeded in collecting and combining all the scattered ideas that I could scare up, and in treating them in what I thought to be an original style, when to my disappointment it suddenly occurred to me that I had unconsciously allowed myself to be influenced by Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus," so, of course, I had to treat them over again. I must say that this discouraged me not a little, and I was beginning to think that I live at too late a date to be original—that all original styles had been taken, you understand—but I determined to try again. As a result of diligent application, I think I have now succeeded in expressing myself in a style all my own. Although the careless reader may think, *prima facie*, that I have imitated the style of Jonathan Swift, yet if he reads more carefully he will see that such is not the case ; one difference being that the Dean revels in the figure, Irony, while I seldom made use of that dangerous edged tool, especially in handling such a subject as

OUR CLASS TREE.

In the fall of the year of 1898 there was planted at the Virginia Military Institute a fine young tree, which, it was said, would bear fruit in four years. After a short while, it began to send down its roots into the ground to get the firm hold which was not to be shaken by the storms of winter. At the first approach of spring, its buds burst forth, and soon it became a shapely mass of beautiful green leaves. It continued to grow in strength and beauty until about the middle of its second year, when, alas! some fatal worm began gnawing on one of its branches. The leaves soon began to droop and wither, and it became apparent that this branch would have to be removed, in order that the whole tree might not be destroyed ; so it was cut off, and dropped to the ground. A kind-hearted lady picked up the withered branch, planted and cared for it, and as a result of her patient, unselfish labor, she saw it take root and lift toward the sun its drooping leaves (of which, *on dit*, there are now enough to form the greater part of a large and interesting chapter).

So much for the withered branch. One would think that the beauty of the tree would be marred by the removal of one of its principal branches, but fortunately it was not, for, strange to say, another limb of equal size grew out in the very place where the old one had been. Such is the history of our class tree up to the present time, and those who are interested in it are looking forward with joy and confidence to the summer of 1902, when its fruit shall have ripened. How many of those who read these lines will be able also to read between them? Not a great many at most, so perhaps it would be better throughout the rest of this work, to have nothing at all between the lines.

Our third year of cadet life is now fast nearing its close, and as we look back over its joys and sorrows, we can not but feel that the latter have been comparatively few and small. In fact, we can recall only one real misfortune, and that was the loss of two of our number; they were "shipped" simply because they could not overcome a natural antipathy towards any kind of study, and, as a result, could not overcome their examinations. We tried very hard to hold on to them, and they tried very hard to stay,—making all kinds of promises,—but it was in vain; the cadet proposeth, le Génèral disposeth. With this exception, nothing has happened to disturb the even tenor of our way. That part of the year has now come, when there is not a cadet in barracks but can tell you right away, without stopping to count, how many days there are before

the longed-for twenty-sixth of June. The Finals are now being thought of and talked about morning, noon, and night (it may be, a little to the neglect of our present duties—the examinations, etc.). One of the principal features of the Final celebrations will be the ball. It will be opened by one whom we unanimously selected, and who is doing all in his power to make it a success. He is very much indebted to several friends who have been using every effort to help him along in his work. One friend, in particular, has aided him greatly along the advertising line by circulating some of the most flattering reports imaginable, one of which was that our president was going to open the ball with a milkmaid! Now could there possibly be a more original or more beautiful idea, a pastoral ball, the men attired as peasants and the ladies as milkmaids! What a pity that it could not possibly be run in that manner. But entirely different plans had been made, so this report had to be called in and extinguished as had a few others. Everything, however, is getting along swimmingly, we think. But enough of these vanities.

Let us pause in the midst of our pleasures to twine a wreath of "myrtles brown with ivy never sere" in memory of her whom God has so recently called from this community to be His handmaiden, and let us drop a tear of sympathy for those whose hearts are bowed down in sorrow.

HISTORIAN.

CLASS OF 1903.

COLORS: White and Emerald-Green.

Officers.

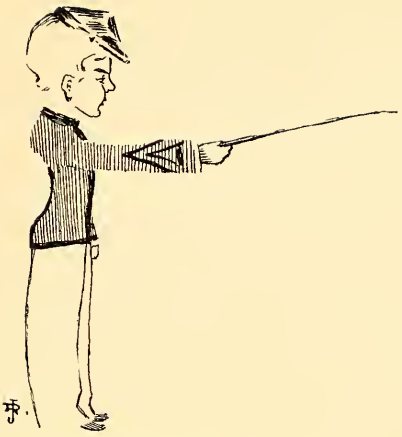
S. S. LEE, Virginia President
J. H. ELLERSON, Virginia Vice-President
L. H. MCADOW, Montana Historian

Members.

Alexander, Percy Shreveport, La.
Anderson, William B Richmond, Va.
Aull, Robert P. St. Louis, Mo.
Blackwell, William T. . . . Durham, N. C.
Bornefeld, Herman A. . . . Galveston, Tex
Bouldin, Wood, Jr. Houston, Va.
Bridges, David Q. Richmond, Va.
Brown, Richard H. Tyler, Tex.
Campbell, James C. St. Louis, Mo.
Carneal, William L. Richmond, Va.
Chinn, A. Julian Frankfort, Ky.
Claggett, Ralph B. Lexington, Ill.
Cohen, Rodney S. Augusta, Ga.
Dewey, George S. Goldsboro, N. C.
Dewey, Thomas A. Goldsboro, N. C.
Ellerson, John H. Richmond, Va.
Emerson, Neil D. Wilmington, N. C.
Flowerree, Harry L. . . . Vicksburg, Miss.
Ford, Milton E. Washington, D. C.
French, D. Milton Alexandria, Va.
Gilmore, George K. Chase City, Va.
Halsey, Franklin S. Rapidan, Va.
Hayes, William P. Louisville, Ky.
Heiberger, Franz J. . . . Washington, D. C.
Hertzog, Ernest L . . . Spartanburg, S. C.
Hicks, John Rockdale, Tex.
Johnson, Bradley T. . . . Amelia C. H., Va.
Lee, Sidney Smith . . . Fredericksburg, Va.
Loughridge, Sidney A. . . . Lexington, Ky.
Lovell, Enos T. Crowley, La.
Lynch, Oliver A. Richmond, Va.
Macomber, Robert N. Richmond, Va.
Mahone, William Petersburg, Va.
McAdow, Lewis H. Bozeman, Mont.
Miller, John J. Washington, Va.
Milton, Marshall McC. . . . Berryville, Va.
Minor, Philip L. Uniontown, Pa.
Mullen, Clarie S. Petersburg, Va.
Owen, J. Doniphan Lynchburg, Va.
Pace, Steve A. Corsicana, Tex.
Paul, John Harrisonburg, Va.
Perry, Victor H. Sherman, Tex.
Philips, John F. Tyler, Tex.
Randle, Cole T. Cleburne, Tex.
Rankin, Harry P. Luray, Va.
Schoolfield, James E. Danville, Va.
Shelton, George M. Waco, Tex.
Shields, E. Southard Lexington, Va.
Sinclair, Jefferson B. Hampton, Va.
Smith, Clarence C. . . . Vicksburg, Miss.
Smith, Dean P. Louisiana, Mo.
Swetnam, Ford H. Swetnam, Va.
Swift, Richard E. . . . Fredericksburg, Va.
Tanner, Leroy R. Vicksburg, Miss.
Tate, William H. Baltimore, Md.
Turnbull, Walter Lawrenceville, Va.
Utter, J. Samuel Danville, Va.
Vaughan, Ritchie W. Ashland, Va.
Waddill, Edmund C. Richmond, Va.
White, Thomas W. Abingdon, Va.
Whittle, Stafford G Martinsville, Va.



CLASS OF 1903



HISTORY OF 1903.

WAS there ever a happier set of rodents to hear "Auld Lang Syne," or a more elated twenty who now could wear the longed-for corporals' chevrons, than the rear-rankers in the final 1900 formation? Or could there be a more self-satisfied lot than that which returned near the middle of September to take up the burden of the Third Class.

Of course there were a few who failed to return from the furlough; they evidently thought that one year of military life was enough for them. However, the rest of the Class commenced with a will. They gloried in the fact that they were old cadets; and straightway proceeded to demonstrate that fact. They made the life of the corporal of the guard a misery; they made the unfortunate rats think that Pluto had made barracks his earthly domain. For over four long months the hapless rodents groaned under '03 clothesbags, swept their floors, brought their water, afforded amusement when necessary, and did all those thousand and one things which make life worth living for the old cadet. They even went without pie at dinner that '03 might be satisfied. One '03 man was particularly addicted to the pie habit; an entire pie, no less, was able to fill the abyss of his appetite. Consequently a number of rats went without their portion. Social stress, however, was brought to bear on the offender, and a Lexing-

ton calic sent him twelve small pies of her own making. In a moment of unpardonable recklessness, he ate them; now his appetite for pie is wholly gone.

The new corporals, especially those in charge of the more awkward squads, laid up a store of choice expletives. They learned how pleasant and unembarrassing it is to find themselves under the eye of the officer, then to give a command in an ostentatious voice, and to have that really well drilled squad go to pieces. The corporals, as a rule, have been either a steady-going lot of personages or a rather lucky lot. So far, there have been only three "busted." A cadet, who unlike a Jason and his wonderful crew, can not resist the wiles of a Virginia College siren, does not deserve to be a corporal—in General Shipp's opinion.

The diversions of '03 this year are numerous. Until after Intermediates the members busied themselves in finding things for the rats to do. Now that they no longer haze, they seek new fields for their ingenuity: expert "gimfakers" manufactured tales which would make the Prince of Liars blush for shame; some have a weakness for the "trodden paths" in the courtyard on Saturday afternoons; some delight in penalture drills; and almost all "run the block." The "girl outside limits" has cost '03 many a penalture.

A great deal was said last fall about hazing in the Institute; and, since '03 is the Third Class, it came in for the largest share of accusations. Although it is not at all innocent, it certainly has hazed no harder than previous classes. In fact, it has foregone half a year's pleasure—if pleasure it is—of hazing rodents. The Class did its share in adopting resolutions abolishing hazing in February; so now the happy rats no longer walk '03 tours after taps, nor play the chambermaid, nor fear the ever-ready broom.

The Class has been well represented in athletics; the members have distinguished themselves on both the gridiron and the diamond. Some interest, too, has been taken in tennis; and a club has been organized.

Since September, the Class number has been lessened by the dismissal of seven and the resignation of two. Five of the seven were "shipped" for hazing; the other two for "disobedience to orders." However, there is a goodly number who wait to hear, for the second time, the strains of that longed-for tune that fills the heart of the cadet with a strange mixture of joy and sadness, heralds the furlough, weeps the loss of the old friends, and proclaims the coming of the new.

HISTORIAN.

CLASS OF 1904.

COLORS: Crimson and Yellow.

Officers.

L. C. LEFTWICH, Texas President
W. W. DILLARD, Virginia Vice-President
E. C. CALDWELL, Virginia Historian

Members.

Allport, Robert B. Richmond, Va.
Arnold, Thomas J., Jr. . . Beverly, W. Va.
Barrett, Garrard M. . . . Greenwood, Miss.
Best, William H. Goldsboro, N. C.
Biscoe, John E. Washington, D. C.
Bootay, Walter N. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Borden, Paul L. Goldsboro, N. C.
Boyd, Richard E. Richmond, Va.
Boyd, Thomas M. Bryant, Va.
Boykin, N. Young Smithfield, Va.
Byrne, Charles K. H. Galveston, Tex.
Caffee, Mahlon W. Carthage, Mo.
Calcutt, Harry C. Dyersburg, Tenn.
Caldwell, Ellis C. Stop, Va.
Carroll, John V. Fort Benton, Mont.
Clem, John L., Jr. Norfolk, Va.
Colbert, Caro San Marcos, Tex.
Collier, Charles F. Petersburg, Va.
Cunningham, T. Brahan . San Antonio, Tex.
Dalton, Melvin A. Burnet, Tex.
Dargan, James T., Jr. Atlanta, Ga.
Dawley, Claude S. Dallas, Tex.
Dennis, Nelson C. New York, N. Y.
Di Giorgio, Samuel Baltimore, Md.
Dillard, William White . . Lynchburg, Va.
Doyle, E. Fitzgerald Norfolk, Va.
Elstner, William H. Shreveport, La.
Farintosh, Harry E. . . . Hot Springs, Va.
Fletcher, Oscar W. . . . Jenkins Bridge, Va.
Flowers, U. Grey Vicksburg, Miss.
Funkhauser, Samuel K. . Harrisonburg, Va.
Gantt, Charles W. . . . Jefferson City, Mo.
Glenn, Walter New York, N. Y.
Hagan, Carroll D. Richmond, Va.
Hancock, C. Nathan . West Appomattox, Va.
Harris, R. Logan Blackstone, Va.
Harris, Weaver Nashville, Tenn.
Headley, George W. Lexington, Ky.
Heafer, Roscoe L. Bloomington, Ill.
Hollingsworth, C. Wise . . . Shreveport, La.
Hudgins, Robert S. Hampton, Va.
Humphreys, Ormond L. . . Bedford City, Va.
Hundley, Waller M. Farmville, Va.
Hutton, A. Preston Abingdon, Va.
Hyatt, F. Kempton Jonesville, Va.
Jester, Hugh C. Corsicana, Tex.
Johnson, E. Hammond Norfolk, Va.
Jones, George R. Wheeling, W. Va.
Kinney, Albert W. Astoria, Oregon.
Langhorne, William H. . . Greenwood, Va.
La Prade, W. Waverley . . . Otterdale, Va.
Lathrop, C. Barksdale . . . Richmond, Va.
Leftwich, Lewis C. Dallas, Tex.
Lum, Elliott Aberdeen, S. Dak.
Lupe, James H. Dallas, Tex.
Macfarlane, Graham Louisville, Ky.
Mann, Ernest Emporia, Va.
Marshall, Harry Cincinnati, Ohio.
McChord, William C. . . . Springfield, Ky.
McCormick, Walter B. Chicago, Ill.
Mort, John E. Bristol, Va.
Murphey, Arthur F. Marietta, Ga.
Noland, C. Powell Middleburg, Va.
Norton, Cleveland H. Durham, N. C.
Page, Edwin R. Ansted, W. Va.
Pearson, D. Cecil Pearisburg, Va.

Pennington, Cameron E. Pennington Gap, Va.
Potter, J. Russell Lowell, Mass.
Purman, Daniel O. Homestead, Pa.
Ragland, Reuben Petersburg, Va.
Richmond, William Frank . . . Wise, Va.
Robertson, Cecil C. Jacksonville, Fla.
Ross, George E. Lexington, Va.
Rottman, Samuel E. Augusta, Ark.
Sample, Arthur N. Shreveport, La.
Schwabe, Harry A. . . . Charleston, W. Va.
Scott, Thomas S. Lexington, Ky.
Semmes, Thomas M. Lexington, Va.
Shelton, Harper W. Richmond, Va.
Shropshire, James K. . . . Lexington, Ky.
Sloan, James Greensburg, Pa.
Smoot, Arthur H. Richmond, Va.
Smoot, Francis L. B. . . Washington, D. C.
Taylor, H. Seldon, Jr. . . . Richmond, Va.
Thomas, Pierre Culpeper, Va.
Upshur, Alfred P. Richmond, Va
Vaughan, G. Frank Ashland, Va.
Watts, Legh R. Portsmouth, Va.
Weaver, Walter Fort Monroe, Va.
White, Hume S. Eagle, Col.
Whiting, Edgar M. Marshall, Va.
Whittle, Henry D. Martinsville, Va.
Wilbourn, Arthur E. Lexington, Va.
Williams, J. Stuart Lexington, Va.
Worden, Horace B. Missoula, Mont.
Wright, Crispin Pullens, Va.
Yelverton, Paul Goldsboro, N. C.

Recapitulation of all Classes.

Virginia	127	Illinois	3
Texas	22	Montana	3
Kentucky	10	Tennessee	3
North Carolina	9	Alabama	2
Maryland	8	South Carolina	2
District of Columbia	7	California	1
Georgia	7	Colorado	1
Louisiana	6	Massachusetts	1
Mississippi	6	New Jersey	1
Missouri	6	Ohio	1
New York	5	Oregon	1
Pennsylvania	4	South Dakota	1
West Virginia	4	Utah	1
Arkansas	3		
Florida	3	Total	248



CLASS OF 1904



HISTORY OF 1904.

THE history of 1904 began on September 1st, 1900. On that warm summer day nearly one hundred boys, with scared haunted expressions, might have been seen making their way through the limit gate and across the parade-ground to the Superintendent's office, there to enroll themselves cadets in the Virginia Military Institute. Representatives were in that number from all sections of our great country; from Massachusetts to Oregon, from Dakota to Texas, came the fair youths, with little more than a dream of the vicissitudes of the life they were beginning, of the trials and tribulations of "rathood." With matriculation, this gathering became a new Class, which took up its abode on the fourth stoop.

We, who compose this new Class, were a lot of green, inexperienced "rats;" and to say that we were cheeky would be expressing our audacity in a weak term. Settling in our new quarters, we began to picture to ourselves the magnificent splendor of our situation. How we would look in uniforms with glittering brass buttons, the military bearing we would assume, the way the girls would be captivated by our charms when we should go home on furlough, these were some of the musings that filled our minds on the first day or two

after our arrival. But soon our thoughts were turned in a different direction. "Rat" life became more of a reality than a dream. The upper-classmen began to arrive, and with their arrival, our tale of sorrow and woe began. They, being aware of our freshness, and noting our many good qualities, considered it their allotted task to "bring us up in the way we should go." This they strove nobly to do, always impressing their teaching by plenty of practical lessons. Duties hitherto unknown to us, such as sweeping, making up beds, cleaning guns and shakos, looking for tobacco, matches, and stamps, and various other jobs designed to give us experience, were performed by us with a zeal, especially when accompanied by a rigorous application of "broom-handle and bayonet-scabbard liniment," which made us feel warmly at home. We were the center of attraction on all sides. Most of us could sing a song, dance a jig, make love to the moon, or tell of our first courting experience to perfection, when persuaded by a dose of the above-named liniment. Our friends seemed to enjoy watching football games very much, and almost every day we were called on to furnish a game. Lining up with a bucket of water for a ball, a herculean tussle would take place in which some "rat" would get a ducking somewhat similar to a "Hard-shell" baptism by immersion. Many times we were aroused from our peaceful slumbers in the middle of the night by a terrible shock, resembling somewhat the jar of an earthquake. Thinking perhaps the barracks was tumbling down, or the world coming to an untimely end, we aroused ourselves, only to find that some old cadet had visited us and "kindly" dumped us cot and all. Words not to be found in a Sunday-school book were used not unfrequently by us as we picked ourselves up from the painful situation and rearranged our beds. Soon however we were asleep again; but no sooner were we asleep than we were dumped again. (We know one poor fellow who had the dose repeated on him six times during one night.) Soon symptoms of that dire malady homesickness began to be developed on our stoop, and some of our members, unable to withstand the attack, left. The majority, however, had the grit to stick, and perhaps, after all, our Class was only relieved of the "baby" element. The memories of our first drills will not soon be forgotten. How the perspiration did trickle down our faces as we marched to and fro on the parade-ground, learning our first lessons in the human art of war! That we were awkward, and to a certain degree "dumb," we do not deny; but show us the "rat" class that has not had these characteristics.

About the fifteenth of September recitations began, and then our busy hours came. Mathematics, Latin, German, English and Drawing, gave us plenty to do, and we had but little time for play. The earnestness with which many of our members began their work, is evidence that when time rolls around, '04 will not be lacking for names to adorn the honor roll of the Virginia Military Institute, adding lustre to the already shining reputation of the old Institution.

Time passed on. Christmas with its single holiday came and went, leaving us "blue" with reflections of home. But our dismal thoughts did not remain with us long. The wings of the Intermediates hovering around us, directed our attention towards our text-books in such a way, that nearly all else was forgotten. At last the examinations were over; and judging from the small number of *ipso-factos*, our Class had progressed well.

Shortly after the Intermediates, a meeting of the Class was held, and Mr. L. C. Leftwich, of Texas, was elected president, and Mr. W. W. Dillard, of Virginia, was chosen as vice-president. Long may they serve! About this time hazing was abolished in the Institute by the Corps of Cadets, to the intense satisfaction of the "rats." No more cleaning guns or making up beds, no more dancing, singing or dumping, but we could now get cheeky, and strut about the stoop as much as we pleased without "finning out."

The first few months of the second term passed rapidly. The time did not seem long until we were out of winter quarters, and had begun spring drills. A few weeks of bayonet exercise and squad drill brings us to the present. As we look about us, we see the earth clothed in its beautiful green garments; the sun shines brightly, the birds sing merrily in the tree-tops, and everything reminds us of the fact that the time is not far distant when our tails shall disappear, and we shall no longer be "rats."

Yes, the first year of our course is nearly run. We have a fair record thus far, and let us, as the years glide on improve every opportunity, so that in the end, we may go forth into the world, well prepared to fight our own battles.

HISTORIAN.



HER ANSWER.

Close to the shore we drifted
Before a light sea breeze,
Listening to the waves a rippling
And the sighing of the trees.

The moon was shining brightly,
The bay shone as of gold,
As I whispered to my sweetheart
And the old, old story told.

You are so dear to me, my love,
Without thee I would not live.
No riches have I to offer you,
But to thee my heart I give.

Come, tell me that you love me,
And of me often think,
And that you will be willing
Your lot with mine to link.

How happy life would be for me
If I could call you mine;
What bliss to kiss those lovely lips,
Oh! treasure most divine.

I placed her hand within my hand,
Around her waist my arm,
And pressed a kiss upon her lips—
For pure love is no harm.

I felt her breath upon my cheek
As she breathed a long-drawn sigh,
But spoke she no word of love to me,
Love's light lit not her eye.

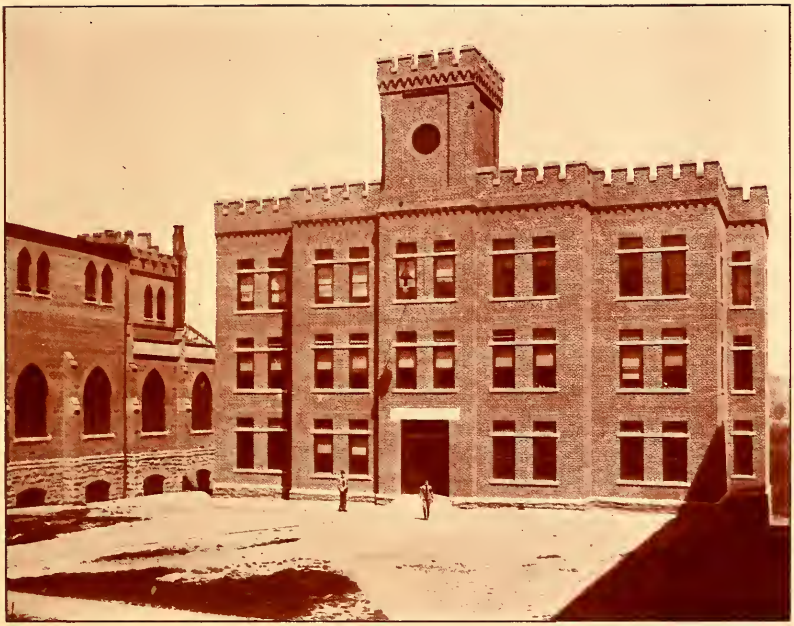
I felt my heart stop beating
As her lips began to part;
Man never suffered more than I
From Cupid's cruel dart.

Her heavenly eyes she turned towards me
And I heard her softly say,
These words, that will ever fill my heart,
Unto my dying day.

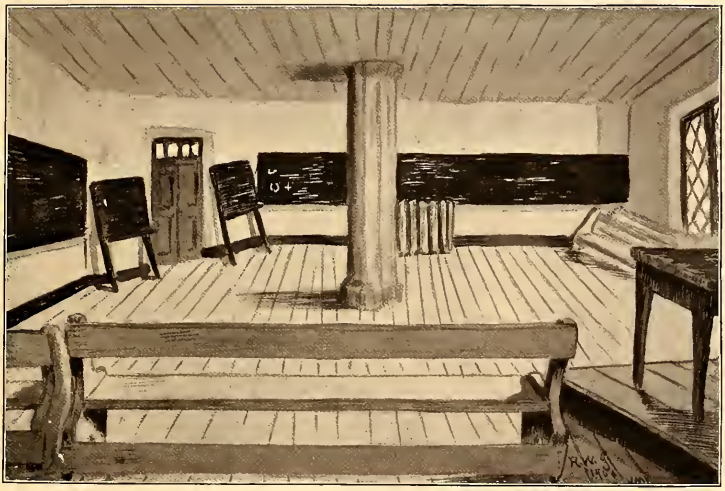
"Would that this boat had wings, my love,
Like a wild bird of the sea,
And were large enough, sweetheart,
To hold but you and me.

No sorrow then we 'd have to meet,
No danger of land or gale,
For to our heaven above the clouds
You and I would sail."

J. C. W., '02.



SMITH MEMORIAL HALL



OLD TOMMY'S SECTION ROOM

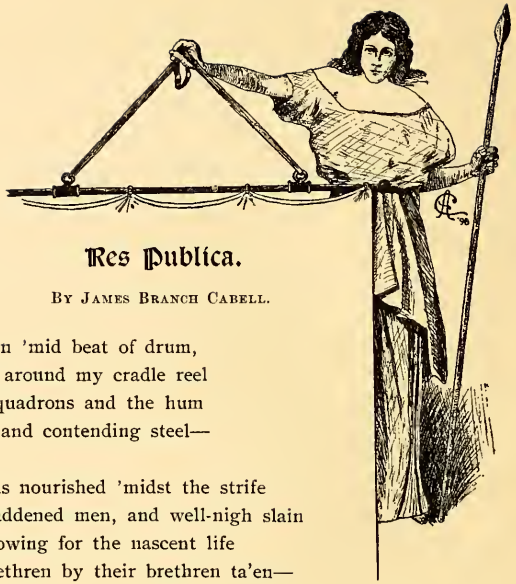


BARRACKS FROM LEXINGTON

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. N. B. Tucker.

Died April 24th, 1901.



Res Publica.

By James Branch Cabell.

I, that was born 'mid beat of drum,
And heard around my cradle reel
The clashing squadrons and the hum
Of cannon and contending steel—

I, that was nourished 'midst the strife
Of maddened men, and well-nigh slain
With sorrowing for the nascent life
Of brethren by their brethren ta'en—

I, that have seen the North and South
Contend, while bearded men appraise
The value of each boyish mouth
That stains New Market's war-worn ways—

At last am come unto mine own,
And mount amid world-echoing cries
Of nations on my dear-bought throne
Of tenuous death and victories.

Out of the old mysterious East
A clarion-throated word is blown
Amid the scented dreary feast
Of Nations, sick and wearied grown

Out of the East the message comes
Of one that for a moment waits,
And hears the rolling of her drums
Beat on the Old World's outer gates.

With tangled coils of creeds and kings;
And they, with tremulous tired hands
That weave a-wry the course of things
And fates of old green girdled lands,

Pause in their weaving—they that are
Out-worn with ancient periods
Of lust and shame—and hear the far
Faint utterance of awakened gods
Proclaiming that the night has ceased.
And see with heavy lidded eyes
Out of the old mysterious East
The young white-limbed republic rise.

But England, the old mother, smiles—
Imperial England, unafraid
And throned upon her thousand isles
Wherefor the price of blood was paid.

She, too, hath striven with the foe,
And still the keen eyes seaward strain
Where Irish billows foam and flow
Above the galleons of Spain.

Yea, England that remembers well
Beholds her ancient rival torn
Forth from her inmost citadel,
And glories in her eldest born.
For lo, the doubtful air is stirred
And stricken with a mighty voice;
Out of the East is come the word
That bids the mother heart rejoice:—

Hail, Mother! though the road be steep
Whereon our bleeding feet must tread,
Made firm with tears of men that weep,
And builded but upon our dead,

Yet I am come to bear my part
Among the Nations of my peers;
Albeit with no eager heart,
But rather with reluctant fears.

I, that am now no more a child,
O Mother England, share with thee,
At last thine ancient undefiled
Grim weary wardage of the sea.

And so the 'pact is made; and I,
Bent 'neath the burden, murmuring not,
Accept the alien misery
And alien glory of our lot.

My daughters weep; my sons go forth,
Light-hearted, 'midst the death and drouth
Of Eastern islands, where the North
Strives with the amorous wide-lipped South

In friendship not in enmity,
And find where tropic waters lave
The sand-ribbed beaches of the sea
A common fame, a common grave.

O endless toil! O weary days!
O brawling lips of men that rage!
O heavy burden that One lays
Upon us as our heritage!

O sunlit, evil, treacherous East!
O death! O barren victories!
Though heavy be thine ills, at least
The wrath of God is more than these.

And His intent made visible
Through desultory ways of death,
Who answereth, *Thou dost not well?*
Who answereth? Who answereth

The God of Battles? Who withstands
His wisdom that hath made of these,
His governors in distant lands,
His regents in the further seas?

THE INSTITUTE AS IT WAS IN 1850.

IN THE month of January, 1850, Colonel Francis H. Smith took the corps of cadets on a trip to Richmond, Norfolk, and other places in Southeastern Virginia. The Institute at that time was very little known in that part of the State. The route to Lexington was either by canal to Lynchburg, or by cars as far as Charlottesville, the rest of the journey being made by stage, and taking the best part of three days from Norfolk. The corps at the time of this trip was composed of about one hundred men and made a magnificent showing, being splendidly drilled and in a perfect state of discipline. The people in this part of the State were so much pleased with them that the applications for cadetships the next summer were more than could be accommodated.

The writer of this was one of those fortunate enough to get a cadetship, and entered as a cadet in the summer of 1850. At this time the cadets were encamped in the rear of the houses now occupied by General Shipp and others, the only house on the hill being occupied by Colonel Smith, which now, I believe, is the residence of Colonel Marr. The present parade-ground was being levelled and required a great deal of blasting, and was not finished until the following spring. The cadets lived in winter in the old barracks which had been used by the Old State Guard; these buildings enclosed the State arsenal, which contained about forty thousand stand of arms, old flint-locks, which were afterwards altered to percussion, and issued to the Virginia troops during the war. The new barracks were just being built, the foundation having been completed. The present front of the main building was finished and occupied by the cadets in the fall of 1851. We had been using oil lamps, and for heating we had stoves or fire-places. The cadets supplied themselves with wood from a large wood-pile in the rear of the barracks which

they had to cut themselves; and the oil for the lamps was drawn from the store-room every Saturday. After we moved into the new barracks we had steam heat and gas.

The uniforms of the cadets was the same style coat worn by them now, and white pants in summer and gray in winter. No other dress was allowed except to the first-classmen, who were permitted to wear their furlough coats when they went up to Lexington, these being made of blue cloth. The style of uniform hat was quite different from that of the present day, being a tall cylinder-shaped hat with a pompom and the engineer plate in front.

The flint-lock muskets with burnished barrel were used until 1851, when they were replaced by bronze-barreled percussion-muskets. I am informed by Colonel J. R. Waddy, whose class I joined upon entering the Virginia Military Institute, and who was with the corps on the trip to Richmond, that these percussion muskets were presented to the corps by order of General Zachary Taylor, then President of the United States, who reviewed the corps at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument in Richmond.

The cadets used the same battery that they have at present, consisting of four six-pound brass guns and two twelve-pound howitzers. These guns were used in the field during the early part of the Civil War.

The mess-hall was situated just as it is now, and was a two-story wooden building. The ground floor was the mess-room, and the up-stairs was used as a section room for the Engineering and French classes. The balls were held in the mess-room, and the up-stairs rooms were used for the supper. The hospital was between the mess-hall and barracks.

The life of the cadet was about the same as it is now: reveille at day-break; breakfast, winter and summer, at seven o'clock; guard-mount at eight o'clock. Recitations commenced at eight-thirty, and lasted until dinner, which was at one. At two o'clock recitations were resumed, and lasted until about three-thirty. After this, recreation hours until the afternoon drill and dress-parade.

The tactics used at this time was Scott's Infantry Tactics; and the battalion formation was in single rank until 1851, when Hardee's Tactics, I believe, was substituted and formation was in two ranks.

The academic staff in 1850 was: Colonel F. H. Smith, superintendent; Major J. T. L. Preston, professor of languages; Major T. H. Williamson, professor of engineering and architecture; Major Thomas Gilham, professor of chemistry and



BARRACKS IN 1850

commandant of cadets; Captain R. T. Colston (afterwards General Colston), professor of French; Captain J. W. Massie, assistant professor; Captain D. Trueheart, assistant professor. In 1851, Major (afterwards General Stonewall) Jackson came, and was professor of philosophy, and instructor of artillery tactics.

At this time hazing did not amount to much. Indeed the word itself was not known. A few jokes were played on "plebes," such as taking their blankets after they had gone to bed and using them in the guard-house, dragging them from their tents when they were asleep and the like; but nothing was done to hurt them. One of the principal jokes was "marching on orderly." When the new cadets were coming in, all who had entered during the week were informed that their duties as orderlies would commence on Sunday morning. They were instructed to put on their best clothes and be ready to "march on orderly" at nine o'clock. The squad usually consisted of five or six men who were marched around camp and halted in front of a tent. The command was then given to "right dress," and as the poor unconscious fellows were doing their best to line up, the tent opened and they were drenched with water by bucketfuls, thrown by old cadets from the tent. This of course closed the performance.

There were two literary societies, the Society of Cadets, and the Dialectic Society,—both of them prosperous. The Society of Cadets was the largest and the oldest.

The fourth day of July was the closing day of the session, and the awarding of diplomas was held in the Presbyterian church in Lexington. It was a great day for the cadets. Furloughs were given only to those who had been at the Institute for two years, as it was necessary for a large number to remain as guard for the arsenal. In the summer of 1851, the corps was marched over to the Warm Springs and encamped there about two weeks. It was a delightful trip, and the proprietor was very kind in allowing us the freedom of that delightful bath. Those who were with the corps at that time can well recollect what a delightful trip it was.

The writer in visiting the Institute last summer was surprised at the many changes that had taken place; the new addition to the barracks in the wings; the magnificent Jackson Memorial; the enlargement of the grounds; and the new building in rear of barracks as a memorial to General Smith. He was also surprised to see that they had taken in the old Jordan residence, which is now used as

a hospital for the cadets. But the appearance of the hill in front of the barracks was more changed than anything else. In our day it was a rocky hill with not a tree on it; now it is a beautiful grove with large full-grown trees, and laid off with walks, etc. It is a great pleasure and gratification to the old cadets to find the Institute so prosperous.

CAPTAIN GEORGE CHAMBERLAINE,
Class of '53.





BARRACKS IN 1899



VIRGINIA MOURNING HER DEAD

(To be erected upon the V. M. I. Parade Ground)

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE OF TO-DAY.

NO ONE who has ever in any way been connected with the Virginia Military Institute can fail to appreciate the place as it stands to-day in contrast with the school of the past. The changes which have been wrought in every way afford a deep gratification to all who hold their *alma mater* in esteem. The many improvements which have been added and are yet to be added, both to the Institute and its curriculum, are worthy of the highest commendation. The erection of the handsome Jackson Memorial building freed the cadets from unpleasant and disagreeable environments. The addition of the splendid engineering room and drawing academy placed the Virginia Military Institute on equal footing with institutions heretofore enjoying a higher footing.

And now we have the Francis H. Smith Memorial Building,one of the best academical structures in the United States. This building is a large, three-storied brick structure, which completes the quadrangle of barracks. All the departments except those of engineering and chemistry, which are in separate buildings, are amply provided for in it. On the first floor are the Departments of Electricity, Physics and Latin.

The second floor is devoted to the Departments of Mathematics and Languages. The third floor is given over to the Department of Mineralogy and Geology, and the Museum. The recitation room here is excellently fitted for lectures, and a large polariscope has been added for instruction in mineralogy. The mineralogical laboratory is fitted with all the modern appliances for such work, and it is more of a pleasure than a severe duty to be in it. The museum is filled with carefully selected specimens of geological curiosities and minerals, and affords the student of mineralogy the opportunity he has long been denied of observing in nature what he learns from a dry text-book.

In addition to the academic building, a great many improvements have been effected in the general conditions of the barracks, including sanitation and general arrangements. Bath-rooms have been placed on each stoop, and an excellent water supply attained.

Of another sort, but equally important, is the improvement in certain courses of instruction. Under the excellent guidance of Colonel Mallory, the electrical course, which in our recollection amounted to but little, has progressed very rapidly, and at the present rate will afford as many advantages as that of any other institution in the South. The courses in English and Latin have also undergone a marked change. Major Ford should receive the highest commendation for the course he has succeeded in building up.

Still another step forward, and one which in our opinion overshadows any in the history of the school, has been accomplished this year in the absolute abolishment of hazing. It has been in its death throes for some time, but this year all of the brutalities which have hitherto cast a blot upon the fair escutcheon of the Institute, have been utterly eliminated.

Since the Class of 1901 is the first class to graduate under the new régime. and in the new building, we feel justly proud of the fact; and we trust that in the years to come the improvements to our *alma mater* will be as numerous and as excellent as those we have seen take place since we have been members of the First Class.

H. P. F., '01.



9 JACKSON'S MONUMENT IN THE LEXINGTON CEMETERY



THE HOME OF MISS MAGGIE FREELAND

(Liberty Hall for Cadets)



ALUMNI IN CONGRESS.

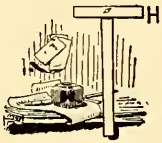
Senate.

William Mahone, 1847	Virginia
W. A. Harris, 1861	Missouri
C. J. Faulkner, Jr., 1864	Virginia
C. A. Culberson, 1874	Texas
T. S. Martin, 1864	Virginia

Congress.

John A. Campbell, 1844	Virginia, '61
R. T. W. Duke, 1845	Virginia
Caleb Boggess, 1845	Virginia, '61
J. I. Marr, 1846	Virginia, '61
N. Berkeley, 1848	Virginia, '61
R. M. Mayo, 1857	Virginia
A. Fulkerson, 1857	Virginia
Peter J. Otey, 1860	Virginia
W. A. Harris, 1861	Missouri
Smith S. Turner, 1861	Virginia
John S. Wise, 1864	Virginia
W. A. Jones, 1864	Virginia
Page Morris, 1872	Virginia
Zach Taylor, 1872	Tennessee
T. Ellett, 1876	Virginia





THE BOMB was the first annual ever published in the South. It was issued June 1st, 1885, the staff consisting of four editors, one from each Class, half from the Cadet Society and the other half from the Dialectic Society. The publication was very successful, and since that time has been imitated by nearly every college in the South. The most prominent member of the staff was Albert Howell, Class of '86, now a prominent lawyer of Atlanta, Georgia.



EDITORS OF THE "BOMB" SINCE '95.

Editors of Bomb of '95.

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J. D. Twiggs, '95, Georgia Managing Editor
J. S. Wise, Jr., '95, New York Assistant Editor and Circulation and Advertising
H. Bacon, '98, California Illustrating Editor

Editors of Bomb of '96.

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J. K. Sheppard, '96, North Carolina Business Manager
W. S. Hutton, '96, Virginia Advertising Editor

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R. S. Spilman, '96, Virginia — E. B. Frain, '96, Illinois

Illustrating Staff.

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G. H. Barret, '98 — A. C. Crump, '98

Editors of Bomb of '97.

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Howard Bruce, '97, Virginia Advertising Editor

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R. L. Dobie, '97, Virginia — Taliaferro Milton, '97, Virginia
Ferdinand Phinizy, '97, Georgia

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E. S. Berry, '00, California — G. W. Pohl, '99, New York

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J. D. Taylor, '98, Florida Advertising Editor

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C. C. Schoen, '98, Virginia

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G. W. Pohl, '99, New York M. E. Locke, '99, Ohio

Editors of Bomb of '99.

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V. E. McBee, '99, Virginia Advertising Editor

Associate Editors.

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W. L. Zimmer, Jr., '99, Virginia L. K. Leake, '99, Virginia
J. K. Payne, '99, Virginia.

Illustrating Staff.

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J. M. Winston, '00, Virginia Illustrating Editor
W. B. Montgomery, '00, Virginia Assistant Business Manager

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J. Pasco, '00, Florida J. R. N. Boyd, '00, Virginia
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R. B. Poague, '00, Virginia.

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J. W. Hyatt, '00, Virginia J. L. Meem, '00, Virginia
D. M. Bernard, '00, Virginia C. Taylor, '00, Florida R. W. Johnson, '01, Arkansas

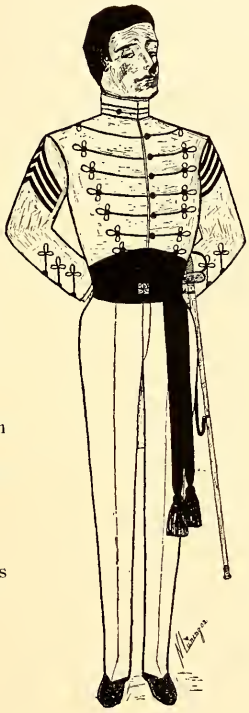
Editors of Bomb of 1901.

*O. V. Kean, '01, Virginia Editor-in-Chief
C. S. Roller, Jr., '01, Virginia Business Manager and Acting Editor-in-Chief
R. W. Johnson, '01, Arkansas Illustrator-in-Chief and Associate Editor
Edward Ryland, '01, Virginia Advertising Editor
H. P. Fry, '01, Tennessee Associate Editor
M. H. Hudgins, '01, Virginia Associate Editor
J. L. Cabell, '01, Virginia Assistant Business Manager
E. S. Martin, '01, Virginia Assistant Advertising Editor

*Resigned from the Institute to enter United States Military Academy.

CADET FIRST CAPTAINS.

1842—W. M. Elliott
1843—N. H. Campbell
1844—J. A. Campbell
1845—John B. Sherrard
1846—John Q. Marr
1847—John C. Moncure
1848—J. R. Jones
1849—E. T. Fristoe
1850—W. R. Terry
1851—Charles Cooke
1852—T. R. Thornton
1853—J. T. Murfee
1854—C. E. Lightfoot
1855—L. B. Williams
1856—M. N. Moorman
1857—P. P. Slaughter
1858—J. M. Kincheloe
1859—W. H. Otey
1860—William H. Morgan
1861—T. S. Galloway
1861—(Dec.) R. P. Chew
1862—Cunningham
1863—R. A. Crawford
1864—C. H. Minge
1864—(May 12)E. M. Ross
1866—A. Marshall
1867—T. G. Hayes
1868—W. F. Wright
1869—Clay Stacker
1870—Fred Fisher
1871—W. S. Mabry



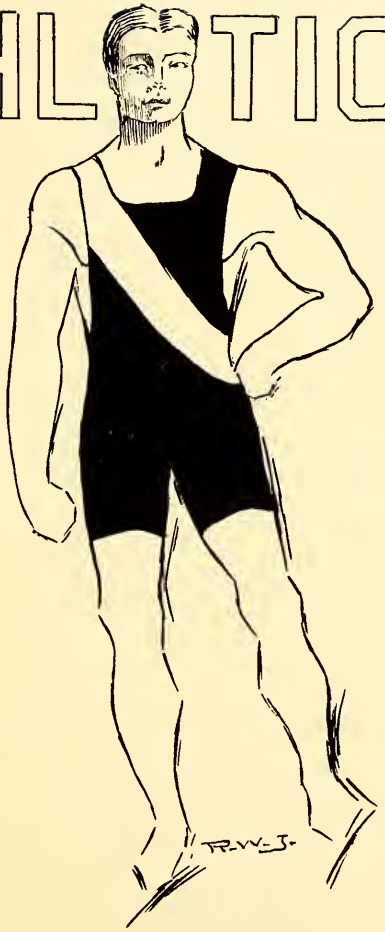
1872—Z. Taylor
1873—J. Bonham
1874—D. G. Sherrard
1875—W. H. Mabry
1876—W. B. Cash
1877—G. S. Patton
1878—W. E. Faison
1879—N. G. Winn
1880—R. L. Robertson
1881—J. S. Jenkins
1882—J. K. Alston
1883—D. McDonald
1884—G. B. Edmiston
1885—J. I. Hudson
1886—C. P. Barnett
1887—J. M. Redfield
1888—S. K. Owens
1889—S. D. Rockenbach
1890—G. Ainslie
1891—J. R. Sterrett
1892—G. B. Elliott
1893—J. G. McConkey
1894—H. A. Wise
1895—J. D. Twiggs
1896—R. M. Morgan
1897—M. M. Mills
1898—C. P. Nelson
1899—G. A. Derbyshire
1900—C. Rice
1901—G. C. Marshall





LIMIT GATE

ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC OFFICERS.

C. S. Roller, Jr., '01 President
T. Kirk, '02 Vice-President

Football.

Charles S. Roller, Jr., '01 Captain
J. B. Hudson, '01 }
O. V. Kean, '01 } Managers

Baseball.

C. Cornelius McCabe, '01 Captain
Edward Ryland, '01 Manager

Athletic Executive Committee.

From Faculty.

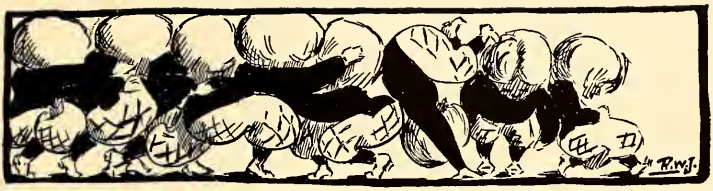
Colonel N. B. Tucker, President — Colonel E. W. Nichols
Major R. C. Marshall, Jr.

From Cadets.

C. S. Roller, Jr.
J. B. Hudson
I. B. Johnson
C. C. McCabe
E. Ryland
S. S. Lee

Surgeon.

Major Hamilton P. Howard, M. D.



ATHLETICS.

IT IS useless to enter into an argument as to the necessity of having every branch of athletics prominent in the schools of to-day. The health of the body is the prime consideration, and it is upon the principle of *sana mens in sano corpore* that athletics has become such an important factor in collegiate instructions. The military training of the Institute is in itself an admirable system of physical culture, including as it does daily exercises, regularity of habit, absence of dissipation; and it gives to every cadet an athletic impulse and spirit, making him a promising competitor in all physical contests.

During the fall and winter months, the time is occupied with football, gymnastic work, boxing, etc., and in the spring, with baseball and tennis. The Institute has been probably best represented in athletic contests by its football teams; and this is probably due to having the benefit of good coaching, and to the fact that more time can be given to this work. Since '91, when we first had a team in the field to battle with Southern colleges for football supremacy, interest has been increased year by year, so that now this great game holds undisputed title to first place in our list of college sports.

The team this year was below the average in weight, but under the careful training of Mr. Samuel Walker and Dr. Carnett, former players on the University of Pennsylvania team, it soon became evident that the Virginia Military Institute would have a team unexcelled by any preceding one. Their success is largely due to Captain Roller, who handled the team like a veteran.

As usual, Washington and Lee proved an easy victim in two games, failing to score in either. The game with St. Albans was played in a drenching rain, and although neither side scored, the ball was in the visitor's territory most of the time. At the end of the first half, the cadets had the ball on St. Albans' five-yard line, and on their fifteen-yard line at the close of the game. On account of the slippery condition of the field, and of playing with a wet ball there were many fumbles. The Georgetown game was lost by a close score and but for an unfortunate mishap to Kirk, our full-back, in the earlier part of the game, another victory would have been added to our list. The greatest game of football ever played on a Virginia gridiron was with the University of Virginia on October 24th. The Varsity, of course, expected to have a walk-over with "The Little Mountain Prep. School," as they put it. From the very outset it was seen that they had met their match, and although neither side scored, Virginia, with sorrow, had to acknowledge that they were outplayed at every point. Dabney, the University star had his Johnson, who looked tenderly after him; and the mighty Walker was unable to move Tucker an inch, no matter how hard he played. The cadets went in the game to do or die, and if there had been two minutes more of play, we should certainly have scored.

The last game of the season was with our old-time rivals, Virginia Polytechnic Institute. V. M. I., 5; V. P. I., 0, was the score flashed from Roanoke Thanksgiving day at nightfall after the greatest game ever played in Roanoke, if not in Virginia. The game was characterized by great playing on the part of both teams, but the V. P. I. went down. It must be said, however, that it took hard work to win, and that every inch of ground was hotly contested. We claim to be the champion team of Virginia for these reasons: The game with Virginia was a stand-off, neither side scoring; Blacksburg did not score against V. M. I., and did score against Virginia, the record in that game being 17 to 5. Any comparison of figures that can be made shows that V. M. I.'s score with Blacksburg was more favorable to the former team than that of Virginia was with the same team. The game with Georgetown also indicates which is the stronger team, V. M. I. or Virginia. The scores were Georgetown, 17; V. M. I., 10; Georgetown, 10; Virginia, 0. This record establishes the superiority of the V. M. I. team in the State; and judging by the record made by Virginia in contesting for the championship of the South, puts V. M. I. at the top.

The home coming of the team after defeating Blacksburg was an event never to be forgotten. The corps, led by the band, marched to the station to meet the victors, and were joined by a great throng of people along the route. The greeting as the train pulled in was one of enthusiastic welcome. The strains of the band playing " Dixie " were almost drowned in the yells of the cadets, with which were mingled the cheers of citizens. Hundreds of sky-rockets and Roman candles brightened the heavens, and torches lighted up the surroundings. A procession was formed with the band leading, followed by the members of the team in carriages, and by the corps en masse. It was indeed a triumphal march, ladies cheering along the route, and the team receiving plaudits as they passed through the crowded streets. When the Institute grounds were reached, the sharp report of a cannon sounded forth a welcome. At night the team was given a banquet at the mess-hall that surpassed anything ever seen within the walls. Of the past session's football team special mention should be made of Roller ('01), quarter-back; McCabe ('01), left half-back; Johnson ('02), left guard; Marshall, G. S., tackle; Wright ('02), center; Wise ('02), right end; Biscoe, right tackle; and Tucker ('02), left end. In Johnson, next year's captain, the Institute has a man who will have a winning team. He has played guard for three consecutive years with a fine record, and we are confident he will prove himself an able man for the place.



We are glad to see the great improvement in the gymnasium work this year, and as the Fourth Class has been thoroughly drilled all through the winter by Captain Wood, assisted by Luning ('02), their exhibition at the Finals promises to be very good.

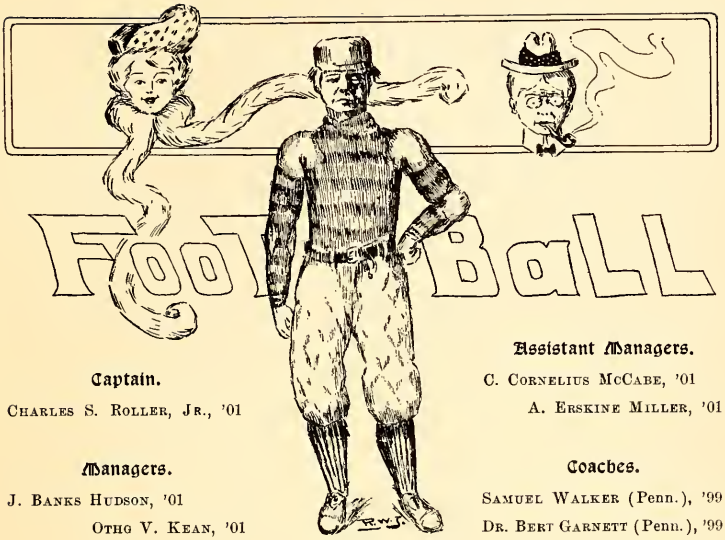
The baseball season has opened with splendid prospects, due in a large measure to the careful training of McCabe, captain. The team is scheduled to play with many of the Southern colleges on its own grounds, and the last game of the season will be with Blacksburg, in Roanoke, on May 15th.

The athletic excellence of cadets has not been exhibited in baseball for several years, and at first sight it would appear strange that an Institution as large as ours should so rarely have a first-class baseball team. When, however, we look at the conditions as they really exist, it will become evident that it is

almost impossible to put a winning team in the field. In the first place we have no opportunity during the winter months to get that preliminary training which is had at most colleges. Then, when the season really opens, we have very little time for practice. Every one knows that constant practice is the prime requisite for success as an individual ball player; and that for a team to be successful it must have constant and thorough practice, also. Not more than once during the week can the team, as a whole, get out for practice, which fact alone is enough to discourage any ball team. While not so popular a game at the Institute as either football or baseball, tennis has its many enthusiasts here as elsewhere. At the noon recreation, especially, there is a rush for the courts, and for half an hour there is brisk playing; the result is we have developed quite a number of good players.

The condition of the Athletic Association, financially, at the opening of the season of 1900, was not very encouraging; but during the past session every old bill has been paid, and never before has athletics been so flourishing as it is to-day. Altogether, the year has been a most successful one; but with a little more interest shown, more privileges could undoubtedly be obtained, and tennis could be made to take its proper place as one of the most fascinating of athletic games.

M. H. H. ('01.)



Captain.

CHARLES S. ROLLER, JR., '01

Managers.

J. BANKS HUDSON, '01

OTHO V. KEAN, '01

Assistant Managers.

C. CORNELIUS MCCABE, '01

A. ERSKINE MILLER, '01

Coaches.

SAMUEL WALKER (Penn.), '99

DR. BERT GARNETT (Penn.), '99

Line Up.

B. H. TUCKER, '02 Left End
G. C. MARSHALL, '01 Left Tackle
I. B. JOHNSON, '02 Left Guard
J. B. WRIGHT, '02 Center
W. V. SMILEY, 02 Right Guard
E. BISCOE, '00 Right Tackle
J. C. WISE, '02 Right End
C. S. ROLLER, JR., '01 (Captain) Quarter-back
C. C. MCCABE, '01 Left Half-back
A. E. MILLER, '01 } Right Half-back
A. B. RAWN, '02 }
T. KIRK, '02 Full-back

Substitutes.

M. H. HUDGINS, '01 — ST. J. R. MARSHALL, '01 — E. S. MARTIN, '01
E. B. HUBARD, '01 — V. H. PERRY, '03
S. S. LEE, '03 — R. B. CLAGGETT, '03 — M. M. MILTON, '03
S. A. PACE, '03 — E. H. JOHNSON, '04
L. C. LEFTWICH, '04 — C. F. COLLIER, '04

SCHEDULE OF GAMES, 1900.

Saturday, October 6th, Lexington, Virginia.

Institute Reserves	0	Virginia Military Institute	26

Saturday, October 13th, Lexington, Virginia.

Washington and Lee University	0	Virginia Military Institute	11

Saturday, October 20th, Lexington, Virginia.

Scrubs	0	Virginia Military Institute	48

Wednesday, October 24th, Lexington, Virginia.

University of Virginia	0	Virginia Military Institute	0

Saturday, October 27th, Lexington, Virginia.

Class Team	0	Virginia Military Institute	36

Saturday, November 3d, Lexington, Virginia.

St. Albans	0	Virginia Military Institute	0

Saturday, November 10th, Richmond, Virginia.

Georgetown University	16	Virginia Military Institute	11

Saturday, November 17th, Lexington, Virginia.

Washington and Lee University	0	Virginia Military Institute	41

Saturday, November 24th, Lexington, Virginia.

Athletic Club	0	Virginia Military Institute	18

Thanksgiving, November 29th, Roanoke, Virginia.

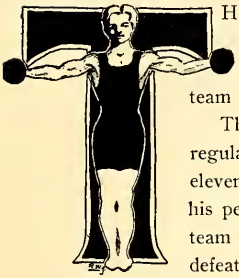
Virginia Polytechnic Institute	0	Virginia Military Institute	5

Football Captains.

Fall.

1891	W. H. Taylor, Virginia	Full-back
1892	S. L. Carter, Virginia	Right Half
1893	H. A. Wise, New York	Right End
1894	E. A. Hickman, Missouri	Right Half
1895	C. C. Dickenson, West Virginia	Right Half
1896	S. T. Moore, Virginia	Full-back
1897	J. O. Steger, Virginia	Full-back
1898	H. L. Shaner, Virginia	Left Half
1899	W. B. Montgomery, Jr., Virginia	Quarter-back
1900	C. S. Roller, Jr., Virginia	Quarter-back

HISTORY OF FOOTBALL AT V. M. I.



THE date of the first football game at the Institute is not definitely known but it was doubtless engaged in as an outdoor exercise before there was any organized team to represent our Institution.

The autumn of '91 marks the era in which the first regularly organized team makes its appearance. This eleven was under the control of Walter H. Taylor, who by his perseverance and diligent labors led on the gridiron a team that during the entire year was unscathed by a single defeat. To Taylor all credit is due, as he with very poor material started a team that has improved from year to year until it now compares favorably with that of any college team in the South. For the next season Spencer L. Carter was elected to the captaincy. He was good and kind but firm with his men; these good qualities along with the success of the previous year infused encouragement into the men and there was no trouble in procuring applicants to fill the vacancies left by the graduation of several of the members of the team of '91. During this year the games were played against stronger opponents than the year before, but the success was none the less marked.

For the year '93 Henry A. Wise filled the position of captain. The prospects were far from bright, there being many unfilled positions in the line-up, even more than there had been the year before. These vacancies were caused by the loss of some of our best men, including, Spilman, who at that time was considered the best center in the South, Magoffin, famous for demolishing the flying V, along with Berkeley, a fast end, and captain Carter, half-back. Such losses were far from pleasant; but we were fortunate enough to muster a team that in the first game of the season defeated Washington and Lee by the round score of 28 to 0. This so disheartened our friends, that after being beaten by the University of North Carolina by the score 44 to 0, they disbanded. On the next day we met

this same aggregation, who went down before us in a beautifully played game, by the score of 10 to 4. These victories gladdened the hearts of all the corps, and the team of '93 was deemed the best that had ever represented our Institution. We easily defeated Richmond College, and had now only the University of Virginia between us and the championship of the South. They very kindly met us on our own grounds and treated us to an exhibition that we failed to appreciate; one that would have looked far better in our eyes had they left it in Charlottesville on their departure. Thus far we had met and defeated University of North Carolina, Washington and Lee, and Richmond College, and had challenged all the other teams that could lay any claims to the championship, so at the end of the season we undisputedly held the second place in the football records of the South.



Among the Class of '94 are to be found the names of many of our brag men, *viz.:* Wise, Biscoe, and Dickinson; Bannon, Holt, and May; but we were unfortunate in that several of the substitutes on whom we had placed great reliance failed to reappear. Thus Hickman had upon his shoulders the weight of organizing a team with nothing but a full-back, a guard, and a tackle at his disposal. This alone made a poor outlook for any improvement; and to add to our troubles Blacksburg had secured a trainer who had played against us and was now swearing that he would forever erase the name of our team from the annals of football. Washington and Lee as usual was going to spring a surprise on us, and any one who has ever heard of the V. M. I. would know how disheartening is a defeat received at their hands. We even had a hard time in obtaining any games at all; but by dint of great labor and perseverance we managed to schedule six games. The first of these was with Washington and Lee, whom we defeated only by the narrow margin of 4 to 0. After the game the Minks were so much elated and created so much disturbance throughout the streets of Lexington, that the citizens were led to believe that they had for once scored a victory. Here the interest taken by the corps began to wane, and Hickman was advised to disband his team; he would not, however, hear of it, but determined to convince our Mink friends that they could never cope with us on the gridiron. They only

played us on an off day, as was clearly demonstrated in our next game with them when we again shut them out with 16 points to our credit. This blow was too much for them, and they disbanded before our third game. The following game was with Roanoke, who were a most agreeable lot of men, but who perhaps sang Blacksburg's praises too highly. They positively asserted that none of our men would survive the game with V. P. I. We knew that we should have no walk-over, but to win we should have to play the game of our lives. On Thanksgiving we left for Staunton with the determination to do or die written on every countenance. Nevertheless it seemed to everybody that it would be a perfect "cinch" for Blacksburg against such "small boys." The game was closely contested throughout, the score standing at the end of the first half 6 to 6. This made both sides confident of victory, the "hoosiers" having as yet never seen their team meet its equal, much less its superior. However, their notion was soon changed, when in the latter part of the second half we crossed their goal line for the second and last time, while they were never able to get within fighting distance of ours. This game was fairly and squarely played by both sides; and strange to say, despite the rivalry between the two teams, there was not a single accident to mar the occasion.

The team to fight under our colors in '95 was below the average in weight, but under the care of an experienced coach, Mr. George W. Bryant, of Princeton, they learned to play good, hard football. The team for this year, which was, by the way, one of the strongest that ever represented us, was composed of a determined set, who were not at all afraid of hard practice. Poor old Washington and Lee again proved "easy things," and it was well-nigh impossible for Richmond College or Roanoke College to do anything against our formidable rush-line. In the Atlanta game the N. C. A. M. A. were more fortunate than any opponents that we had played during that fall, scoring one touchdown on a fumble. Blacksburg presented us with our only defeat this season, by the narrow margin of two points. Accidents will happen, seemingly always against us. They were aided by a friendly gust of wind, which carried the pigskin clear of the goal-posts, giving them at least partial revenge for the cruel manner in which we had blighted their hopes and aspirations the year before.

Thus far our team had had almost an unbroken chain of victories since the first team went on the field in '91. But in '96 we "took a slump," and were

badly beaten by Blacksburg. Even our Mink friends captured a game from us. We might excuse ourselves on the plea that we played against age, weight, and training; yet we were beaten, and can take defeat as men should. Much credit is due Mills, Marrow, McGill, and Montgomery, who by their untiring efforts did all in their power to raise the team to the former standard; but they were severely handicapped by lack of material, without which no football team can accomplish anything.

We regret to say that the team of '97 was not given a good chance to show its excellence. The aggregation was a good one, but they played in hard luck; had a proper schedule been arranged we have no doubt that it would have shown up well. There was an abundance of good material, most of whom were experienced men; and under coach Groner, they made a very decided improvement in quickness and in the understanding of the game. All the games this year were clean but hotly contested; and though at times we met defeat, we did not lose the esteem in which we had been held.

For the following season we engaged Sam Boyle and King Dickson, of Pennsylvania as coaches. They made a great change in our tactics by instituting the famous " guards-back " formation, which has since then decided many a game in our favor. H. L. Shaner was unanimously elected to the captaincy, a position that he well filled; he was especially happy in the selection of his managers, who in contrast to the year before secured an excellent schedule. This schedule contained games with many teams of excellent reputation, yet we were defeated but twice,—by the Naval Academy and by Georgetown. In the personnel of this team '99 was well represented by Derbyshire, Otey, Shaner, Meem, Ayers, and Scott.

The loss by graduation of the men just mentioned was serious, but with the election of W. B. Montgomery, Jr., as captain for '00, we had little fear that a team would be placed on the field worthy of the best traditions of the Institute. In the practice games our hopes were verified, and we eagerly looked forward to a season promising a most brilliant outlook. In our first game we literally walked over Washington and Lee, our old-time opponents, defeating them by the score of 39 to 0,—the largest score that we had ever rolled up against them. Of such a beginning we were justly proud, but our exultation came to an early end when typhoid fever broke out in our midst, and the corps was furloughed

for six weeks. There was effort on the part of the management to keep the team together, with the idea of making a Southern trip. The proposition was placed before the men; some of whom were willing to abide by it, but others, not willing to miss so long a sojourn at their homes, would not agree, and the team was disbanded. Thus came the end to football in a season that looked prosperous enough for championship honors.

A wise selection was made by the team in the choice of their captain for the ensuing year, their choice falling upon Charles S. Roller, who had made an enviable record during the two years that he had played on our team, and who worthily maintained that record as captain. He acted wisely in retaining the same coach that we had had the year before, Sam Walker, of Pennsylvania, whose original formations were always successful and ever beyond the comprehension of the teams that we played.

The practice showed up good material, and we were well prepared for our first game, which was with Washington and Lee. The conditions were most unfavorable for a large score, as the grounds were covered with mud, making the use of the feet most difficult; but we regret to say, on the part of our team, there seemed to be no hindrance in the use of fists. Delays were frequent, the game being nothing more than one continual scrap, and ending in a score of 11 to 0.

As the days rolled by, we anxiously awaited our coming game with the University of Virginia, who deeming us unworthy foes had refused to play us the year before. On the twenty-fourth of October, when the two teams lined up to engage in one of the hardest fought games in football history, a comparison between the two would have given to the University of Virginia a great advantage in weight and age; they were however, by no means so quick and well trained as their nimble opponents. During the first few moments of play, University of Virginia seemed to have an easy victory in sight; but before the third down we held them, and the ball was given to us on our twenty-five-yard line,—the nearest they ever came to our goal, and the only time they had any chance at all of scoring. Twice did we advance the ball within their five-yard line; but each time they made a noble stand in their last ditch, and prevented us from scoring. Although we outplayed them at every point, yet an excellent game was played by both sides neither of which was able to score. There was never a sadder crowd

of students than those who took their departure from Lexington the next day; and it is said that all Charlottesville was sour for the ensuing month. Revenge is sweet, so we have no doubt they will come at us next fall with blood in their eye. We have, however, nothing to fear at their hands, as our next year's team promises to be the equal if not the superior of that of this year; in fact, if they are not careful, we may repeat the performance with still more glory to ourselves.

We took our two usual trips on the eleventh of November and Thanksgiving day, playing Georgetown in Richmond on the former date. Here our team played a most unfortunate game, and lost the championship of the South by the score of 17 to 10. On the latter date we went to Roanoke to play our dear friends from Blacksburg, who held the erroneous idea that a walk-over was in store for them. How sadly were they mistaken! The game, as it should have been, was utterly devoid of any wrangling and scrapping. It was exciting to the finish, and not until the second half was almost complete were we able to cross their goal-line. Johnson, the giant guard, who will be our next year's captain, made the necessary touchdown; the try for goal was missed, and the score stood, 5 to 0.

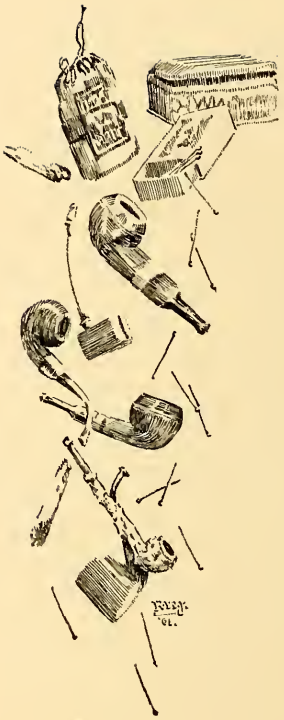
This was the final game in a year in which we attained a record that we hope will be kept up, if not improved on, by the teams yet to come. We have undoubtedly won the championship of Virginia; and but for the unlucky game played in Richmond we might well claim the championship of the South. Of late we have acquired no little prestige, making it easy for us to obtain good games. An unprejudiced observer from Lafayette places three of our men on the All Southern Team, and gives the captaincy to Roller; one of the "experts" in Charlottesville, however, makes no mention of our men on his All Southern Team!

Football has taken a very firm hold at this institution, and we must look to it that this hold shall not weaken. There is a tendency on the part of many of our players to play very rough ball. This is liable to make the game obnoxious to the Faculty and Board of Visitors, who at any time may take a hand and prohibit our indulgence in this direction. Only a few years ago the State Legislatures had the matter of football under discussion, and it looked as if the game

would be stopped throughout the South; but since then at most places the players have become more civilized, and the number of accidents has decreased materially. On this account the feeling against this game has died out. So it is to be hoped that in the future our teams will play clean ball and leave alone all rough and dirty work, thus guaranteeing the continuance at the Virginia Military Institute of the king of the college games—Football.

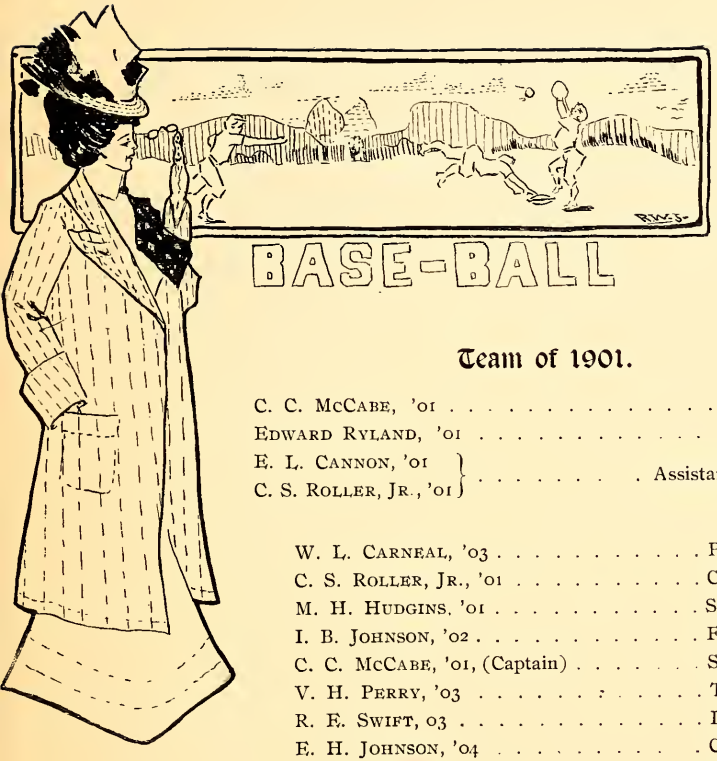
J. L. C., '01.







FOOTBALL TEAM, 1900-01



BASE-BALL

Team of 1901.

C. C. McCabe, '01 Captain
Edward Ryland, '01 Manager
E. L. Cannon, '01 }
C. S. Roller, Jr., '01 } Assistant Managers

W. L. Carneal, '03 Pitcher
C. S. Roller, Jr., '01 Catcher
M. H. Hudgins, '01 Shortstop
I. B. Johnson, '02 First Base
C. C. McCabe, '01, (Captain) Second Base
V. H. Perry, '03 Third Base
R. E. Swift, 03 Left Field
E. H. Johnson, '04 Center Field
P. B. Peyton, '01 Right Field

Subs.

H. Marshall W. H. Langhorne

D. E. Godfrey Official Scorer

Baseball Schedule, 1901.

March 30th, Lexington.

Fishburne Military School	3	Virginia Military Institute	16

April 5th, Lexington.

University of Pennsylvania	11	Virginia Military Institute	7

April 13th, Lexington.

Washington and Lee University	6	Virginia Military Institute	5

April 20th, Lexington.

Consolidated	1	Virginia Military Institute	9

April 27th, Lexington.

Washington and Lee University	8	Virginia Military Institute	4

May 4th, Lexington.

Class Team	3	Virginia Military Institute	12

May 7th, Lexington.

Washington and Lee University	6	Virginia Military Institute	7

May 11th, Lexington.

Consolidated	6	Virginia Military Institute	9

May 15th, Roanoke, Va.

Virginia Polytechnic Institute	10	Virginia Military Institute	2

Baseball Captains.

1892	W. H. Taylor, Virginia	Shortstop
1893	S. L. Carter, Virginia	Third Base
1894	C. B. Coffeen, Illinois	Left Field
1895	J. S. Jones, Texas	Third Base
1896	R. M. Morgan, Virginia	Second Base
1897	H. B. Miller, Virginia	Catcher
1898	J. D. Taylor, Florida	Left Field
1899	Dexter Otey, Virginia	Third Base
1900	W. B. Montgomery, Virginia	Center Field
1901	C. C. McCabe, Maryland	Second Base



BASEBALL TEAM, 1900-01

TENNIS CLUB.

Members.

W. B. Anderson

W. S. Carneal

N. D. Emerson

O. L. Humphreys

O. A. Lynch

L. H. McAdow

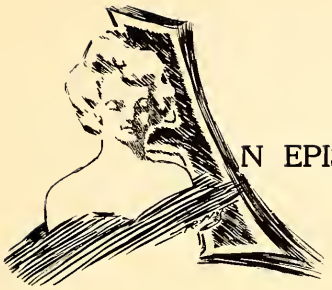
P. L. Minor

J. F. Philips



TENNIS CLUB





N EPISODE.



T WAS the night of the Final Ball. He had stolen away from the gymnasium and gone up to his room for a brief time of retrospection and reflection. Down in the ballroom he had just answered "here" to the last roll-call, and as he was still humming the merry refrain of the old class song, what a host of memories it all brought back to him! He thought of that September day, when over all the mountain tops hung the beautiful purple haze of Indian summer and the glad sunshine.

He had walked through the broad Institute gates with all the buoyancy of youth, and with no fear in his heart of that "dreadful hazing," for he had an indomitable will and with it an energy that had never quailed, nor failed to accomplish any end for which he sought. So through the year he bore the stigma of "rat" cheerfully, bravely endured all his hardships and "penalties," and at the end was rewarded with First Stand, both in his class and in the hearts of his classmates.

His next year passed by uneventfully. Even the "hops" and the "calics" who graced them, failed to arouse in him any great enthusiasm. He had never known many girls, had never cared for any. He regarded them as a sort of inferior being, enshrouded in mystery, a mystery he had never tried to solve, until he met—Her!

It was at Finals of his second-class year, and he was on her card for the opening hop. He remembered how he had gone to meet her that night with

"fear and trembling," but how it had instantly disappeared with her cordial greeting and sunny smile. He was charmed with her beauty and grace, as well as her perfect naturalness, "and then and there, like other men," fell in love with her.

All too quickly the remainder of that week flew by.

In the dewy freshness of the morning, when barracks was alive and all aglow with new light and life they would stroll over to see guard-mounting. Then, in the warm dusk of the evening, as the shadows stole softly across the bands of sunlight, and all the air was filled with the hum of happy voices, *in dolce far niente* they lingered long down in the old graveyard—but "dead men tell no tales." The night of the Final Ball was the culmination of his happiness, when plucking a red rose from her bouquet, she gave it to him, with a snatch of song:

"The sweetest flower that blows, I give you as we part;
For you, it is a rose, for me, it is my heart."

That was all a year ago. To-day had witnessed the end, the achievement of his desires, his hopes. For four long years he had been striving for First Stand and First Jackson-Hope. To-day he had received it and the generous applause of his friends and classmates, with a sense of pleasure and gratification partly because of its valuation in her eyes. She had come on to see him graduate, to rejoice with him in his honors. As he came down the aisle of the Chapel to-day, a hero among hero-worshipers, he heeded not the many bright glances flashed him from many pairs of bright eyes, for all his trophies he carried straight to her and was perfectly content.

Then afterwards out on the parade-ground, they stacked arms, and the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" came stealing over them like a benediction. Through a mist of tears he saw the distant purple hills, the sunny slopes, and the old town of Lexington slumbering in the lazy sunshine. He had seen it hundreds of times before, but it had never thrilled him till now, as he realized he was seeing it for the last time, that he was bidding farewell, breaking apart from the Institute and the things there, his classmates and the many friendships he had formed.

In spite of this sadness pressing upon him at the thought of all these things, the remembrance of her, and of how he was now free to win her, flew like wine to his brain and urged him on.

That was only a few short hours ago, and yet how changed he was and all things else! He had been so happy to-night at the beginning of the ball. The rich radiance of the lights, the decorations, the perfume, the flash of *beaux yeux*, and mad, merry music all seemed a fitting accompaniment to his feelings.

During the dance, in the midst of a "break," he and his partner had strolled out in the Arch, where they lingered to catch the cool breath of the night. Not far away from them, another couple was seated. Suddenly, in the lull of conversation, the old familiar words and her voice fell upon his ear:

> "The sweetest flower that blows, I give you as we part;
> For you, it is a rose, for me, it is my heart."

It was the same old story, but it stabbed him like an assassin's knife; and as one dazed he returned to the ballroom, but "the music seemed dreary, the lights were dim and the dancers weary."

He had believed in her so implicitly his faith had never wavered, never swerved. Ye gods! How sweet she was and how dear to him, and now he must force himself to renounce her, put her away out of his heart and his life!

The night was fast waning, and the first faint streaks of early dawn shot over the horizon, showing the gray mist hovering over the mountain tops and the dew-drenched green of the woodlands.

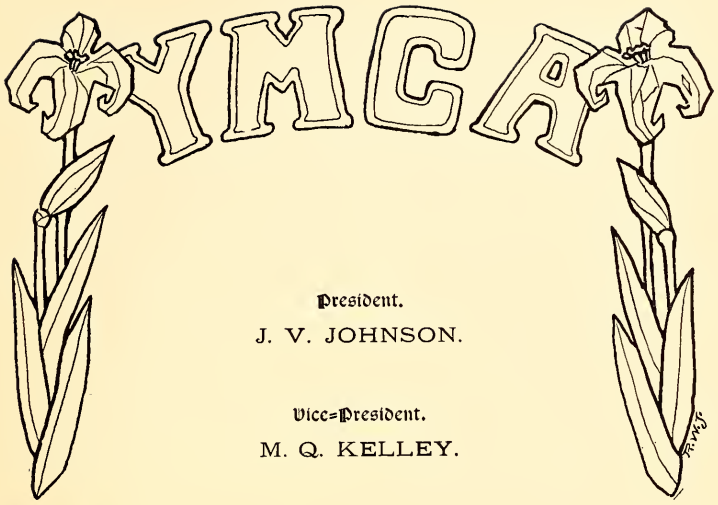
A sense of great weariness and littleness bore down upon him, and even the sighing of the wind in the trees outside seemed a requiem over his blasted hopes. Suddenly he is aroused by the hum of voices outside, and some of his friends come trooping into the room.

"Hello! old man! We missed you, and here you are mourning all by yourself. Composing an ode to the famous class, or planning out your future life-work, eh? Strike a light, boys, and let 's have a good look at him. Why, *qu'avez-vous?* Jack, your lids are wet!" But he responds to their affectionate banter with a smile: "Oh! It 's only smoke in my eyes." Their timely

interruption and their solicitude have saved him, have made him realize that these friends, staunch and true, and these associates will more than compensate for the loss of one faithless. So, as with a mighty jerk, he pulls himself together, and once more in the glad light of a new day, he passes through the Institute gates to re-adjust himself, single-hearted to the new work of his life beyond.

R.





FOR nineteen years the Young Men's Christian Association has been the foremost of the Institute's organizations, and no one who has been a cadet since 1882 has failed in some way to feel its influence. Years ago when the idea of establishing a Christian Association in our school was conceived, its orginators were criticised, and some said that such an organization would be short-lived in an institution like our own. But nineteen years have passed, and those who have lived to see the Association successful thus far, can but be thankful that it does exist and wish for its greater success in the future. It has had its ups and downs, and at times the downs have shown very gloomy prospects, but somehow difficulty after difficulty has been overcome and put behind, and the dark prospects replaced by brighter ones than ever before, and we feel that we are accomplishing our purpose.

The object of the Association is to maintain, as much as possible, a religious feeling and exert a religious influence among the cadets. This we think has been to a greater or less extent done. Its plan of work is along two main lines:

Regular devotional services and Bible classes. Of the former, three services are held each week in our chapel, and these services are open to all cadets. As a general rule they are conducted by cadets, active members of the Association, and each service is made as interesting and attractive, and at the same time thoroughly religious, as possible. The Bible class meets each Sabbath morning, and has been in charge of our superintendent, whom the Association takes occasion to thank for his untiring efforts throughout the year.

Through the various conventions and conferences held during the college year, the Association is kept in touch with the work as it is carried on in the State, and South, and at each has had a representative of Association workers.

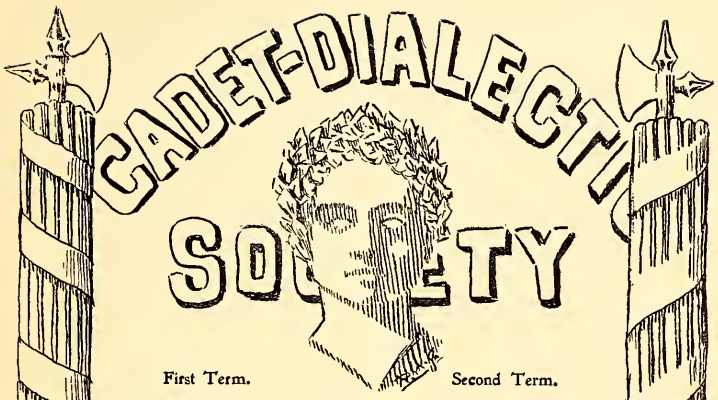
Towards the close of this session the Rev. Dr. Stringfellow conducted for two weeks a series of services with us, and we feel that his efforts were most valuable; the Association takes pleasure in thanking him for his work and time spent with us.

J. V. J. '01.





CADET-DIALECTIC SOCIETY HALL



First Term.	Second Term.
H. J. MacIntyre, Georgia	H. P. Fry, Tennessee
Presidents.	
R. F. Beirne, Virginia	R. F. Beirne, Virginia
Vice-Presidents.	
T. S. McNeil, Virginia	J. B. Wright, Virginia
Sergeants-at-Arms.	
R. S. Cohen, Georgia	R. S. Cohen, Georgia
Secretaries.	
R. L. Harris, Virginia	R. L. Harris, Virginia
Treasurers.	

FOR several years the two literary societies of the Virginia Military Institute had been gradually sinking, until at the beginning of the session of 1900-1901, there was practically little interest taken in either the Cadet or the Dialectic. In September, the few faithful representatives held a meeting and decided to form a new society, still retaining the old names, but possessing a stronger organization. The work was very hard. Improper management had converted the societies, whose meetings were once a pleasure to attend, into places where nothing interesting or instructive could be learned.

Officers were elected and the new society was soon in running order. From that time to the present there has been a marked change in the manner in which the various members have assisted in building up the society.

In the second term the society hall has undergone a complete transformation. The place has been thoroughly renovated, a handsome carpet put down, curtains hung from the windows, and the chairs given a white enamel. The metamorphosis from the filthy condition in which the hall was found, is something which will prove of interest to the alumni. As a result of the improvement, society work has received a new stimulus, and now the Virginia Military Institute can boast of as thoroughly good literary organization as any college in the South.

The Cadet-Dialectic Society has a membership of about seventy-five. The meetings are well attended, and it is a rare case when a member upon the detail fails to comply with his duties. The programmes are always interesting and instructive, and afford a considerable amount of amusement and pleasure to the members.

Outsiders often think there is but little culture and refinement to be found connected with cadet life in barracks, but this view would soon be dispelled by seeing one of the meetings of the present society. What the Institute has needed and what it now has in the shape of the Cadet Literary Society, is a place where the cadet can go at least once a week, leaving the severities of military life behind, and enjoying a few hours' freedom. The refining influence of literary association tends to be an important factor in mental development, and should receive in the future the highest possible encouragement from the faculty and future cadets. Literary societies are a credit to their colleges and universities, and the Cadet-Dialectic Society will undoubtedly be one of the Institute's most valuable features.

The present society is a combination of the Cadet and Dialectic Societies, which for many years have been in existence at the Institute. The Virginia Dialectic Society was founded in 1846. Owing to the fact that nearly all of the Society records were destroyed by fire, it is impossible to enumerate the founders, but we are able to give the names of Brigadier-General Samuel Garland, and Colonel J. M. Massie, as being instrumental in launching it upon its career. The Society of Cadets was founded in 1839, but the records are so obscure that no information can be procured upon the subject. Since its roll shows the names of a large number of men who have attained distinction in after life it is needless to say that the Cadet Society in the older days was a good

one. As a combination of the two, the Cadet-Dialectic is one which will soon embody all the virtues of its predecessors, and in reality fulfill the legend of the Phœnix. Some day, perhaps, its members may have secured distinction in legislative bodies, and can look back upon the Cadet-Dialectic Literary Society as having been instrumental in assisting them in preparing for their life's work.

FRY, '01.



GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUB.

L. A. Britton President

E. S. Martin Manager

Members.

A. B. Rawn

J. M. Barnett H. A. Bonefeld

S. S. Lee J. D. Owen R. E. Swift D. Q. Bridges

C. W. Hollingsworth O. A. Humphreys

M. Q. Kelly

W. H. Langhorne J. F. Phillips

R. B. Claggett C. S. Dawley



GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUB



Memories.

In a tiny dell beyond the wood,
Where mossy banks and ferns abound'd,
Where alder bushes and lindens stood,
And the brook ran on with its murmuring sound—

Was a rustic bridge, where we stood alone,
And I saw in the quiet pool below
A face there just beside my own,—
And need I say that I loved her so?

As the sun sank low like a ball of gold
And bathed the world in its ruddy glow,
Perchance I told the story old,
While the alders whispered soft and low.

Now clearly it all comes back to me,
How her words came slow in a faltering way:
"The best of friends let us always be,
But my heart is already stolen away."

Many long years have passed away with summer's
Sun and winter's gale,
But if you ever find a fairy lair
Among the alder bushes fair,
Perchance the tall ferns still are there,
And the old bridge stands with its
Single rail.

O. V. K. '01.

GERMAN  CLUB.

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OPENING FIGURE FINAL BALL, JULY 4th, 1900.



A PRIVATE AFFAIR.

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL.

Eros, who leads me day by day
Through many a secret hidden way
Finds to assuage my thirst
No love that shall the old love slay,
None sweeter than the first.

I may not hear men speak of her
Unmoved; and still my pulses stir
To see her passing by,
And I, again her worshiper,
Must serve her till I die.

Not she that is—but even she
That time hath stolen away from me
And in the darkness set,
The maid that I may never see
And surely not forget.

THE FIRST MAID.

CASTLE was drumming idly upon the reporter's desk with the rubber end of his pencil. Routine court work becomes tiresome after a while, and to-day, so far, there was only the usual Monday docket of "drunks and disorderlies." To be sure, there was a case of two boys, who had rocked a woman on Randolph Street, that would do for a half-column freak story, if nothing better turned up. But there were so many boys and so many rocks in Richmond that it didn't promise well. It would be good enough, but Castle wanted more.

So, he continued his drumming. Negroes from Jackson Ward came up and paid their fines for assault and battery. Respectable and red-faced citizens came up to explain why the dog license matter hadn't been attended to. Maudlin

specimens of humanity crept out of the pen to explain it was "just this once" and to be allotted stays of varying lengths at the rock pile. Their names and sentences went down duly on the fold of copy paper and the pencil drummed on.

For it was only the usual thing. Name after name was called, until that of Edward Osborne was shouted by the Sergeant. It was an ordinary name. The fact that he was charged with wife-beating hardly promised anything of special interest. The records of the police court prove that not a few wives are beaten nowadays.

It was the evidence of the negro servant that first attracted Castle's attention. He hadn't listened before she took the stand. Then he jotted down, "gray Fedora, $7\frac{3}{8}$" and "face resembling map of Asia," in an absent-minded fashion. Just notes to help towards the making of a funny story that the people of Richmond could laugh over in the evening, that is, if nothing better turned up.

Soon he saw there would scarcely be anything better. The negro was an old woman who referred familiarly to "Mars Robert Lee." Her testimony possessed the unconscious force that only a Virginia darkey could lend to a narrative. Her expressions were not reeking with culture. But properly worked up and interspersed with spicy sub-heads, Castle already saw how they might be made into an out-of-the-way narrative of the usual troubles between man and wife with which the police court deals. He was feeling his story.

So he took copious notes of the negro woman's testimony. Smith, of the "Day," who sat by his side, was doing likewise. Both realized that by the addition of various artistic details, evolved from their inner consciousness, this would be good for at least three-quarters of a column and the preceding part of the docket had been dull.

Then the woman finished. Then the sergeant called "Blanche Osborne," and the crowd before the judge's private office parted to make way for a woman. The judge believes in upholding the ancient chivalry of the South. So, in view of the somewhat unsavory freedom of speech sometimes indulged in by those before him, the privacy of his office is always extended to any woman whom a man who wears a clean collar on Sunday can respect. They wait there till their evidence is needed.

The woman came out. Castle noted she was slender, fair-haired and graceful, though of course that wouldn't matter in the story. It was only when she looked at him that he recognized her. There was no mistaking her eyes.

It was a haggard face. A pale, thin face, on which was written the traces of sorrow and child-bearing. But the eyes were there. The eyes that Castle had once likened to a summer sea. The eyes that he had rhymed of and gone mad for so long ago.

It seemed grotesque, that this woman was Blanche. He remembered the cycle of sonnets lying in his desk that almost every editor of magazines in the country had rejected as "lacking in the modern spirit." One of them added that they were "Elizabethan in feeling" and Castle had loved him for that. He wondered what his initials were as he drummed a trifle faster with the wornout pencil. He felt he would appreciate the joke.

Then the case went on. Mrs. Osborne gave her testimony. She loved her husband. But he drank. He abused her. She had sworn out the warrant. She was sorry now. He had promised to reform. And so on.

Altogether, it made a good story. Only the woman was Blanche.

The two pencils went on jotting down the wife's speech, the servant's testimony, the neighbors' quota. It made a good story, Castle felt, as he wrote on automatically. Only the woman was Blanche.

Still, he had nothing to do with that. Blanche was only a boy's love. She probably did not recognize him. His face was unfurrowed when he had last told her how empty his life would be without her. Since then he had lived very comfortably and he had really no grudge against her.

She was simply a witness. He was simply a police court reporter, there to take down the evidence in the best case of the day. Still the woman was Blanche.

But Castle took it down. Her pleadings, the comments of the servant—which were, he noted, "warm enough to scorch the paint on the passing trolley cars"—the gossip of the neighbors, the caustic remarks of the judge, all went down in hurried scrawls. He was getting his story. He was no longer John Barrington Castle. He was the representative of the "Richmond Star."

He was there to get the news. So he got it.

Then the case was decided. Castle marked down $11.90 by Osborne's name, drew a neat little line underneath, with a carefully made cross in the middle and waited for the next name on the docket. Osborne paid his fine and went out with his wife. She was pleading for forgiveness, Castle observed.

The docket went on. They were only the ordinary cases. Smith and Castle both decided the Osborne family trouble would form the basis of their court

story for the day. They were still of that opinion when court adjourned. The rest of the story is merely to show how even reporters may be mistaken in their calculations.

Castle went slowly to the " Star " office. He was not quite satisfied with the newspaper business, the universe, or himself, Meanwhile, he was planning his story.

On the way he met Jagson. Jagson had helped him out recently with some political stuff, so he could hardly ignore him. They walked along together.

" Good thing Lent 's over, isn't it? " said Jagson. " They 've been keeping it in such great shape this year I 've been afraid to look a high ball in the face. All up and down Franklin Street the gloom of the season has been lying around in such big chunks that the horses were trying to step over them and the piety of the upper ten would make an early Christian martyr feel like a fellow sitting behind a four-card flush in a big jackpot. Then ——."

Jagson's nose was certainly of a remarkably ugly hue. Besides, Castle was trying to remember how Blanche—Heart's Desire, the sonnets called her—had come into his life. He hardly remembered. It was on a spring morning. He was lying flat on his back in the woods, staring up at the clouds, wandering like sheep driven by that erratic shepherd, the west wind. The birds were already astir over their great business of house-building and the swollen buds of the trees stood out against the pale sky like grotesque designs on a Japanese plate.

" And the churches," went on Jagson. " The wedded ones and the left-over remnants from the marriage bargain-counter went to early services every day, heard about the no-limit game played by charity in the sin-effacing line and then came back telling each other how Mr. Hawkins still gives his wife the loose-Lothario act without a single encore, and Mrs. Rosenheim's backyard makes the Augean Stables look like a warranted non-crocking dye after the first washing. At least, they don't phrase it that way, but it 's the sense of it. Wouldn't it wrinkle your linen? "

Jagson was a vulgar brute. Anybody willing to wear a red Ascot tie sprinkled with black horse-shoes must necessarily be dead to all sense of decency. But Heart's Desire—well, the wood was a kindly familiar place at first, wherein Castle whiled away many mornings in tolerable content—there was no need for bromo-seltzer then, he reflected with a sigh—when of a sudden the call of a distant bird and the laughter of a girl waked the enchantment of the forest. It was Bro-

celiande; it was the Forest of Arden. Merlin might appear at any moment, stately and melancholy, through that avenue of whitened birches. Or, better still, Rosalind's insolent sweet laughter might come rippling out among the hollows with a tantalizing fleet vision of loosened hair and dainty hose. It was—"

"As for the girls," went on the thick voice Castle was learning to hate, "— and, I tell you Richmond has a line of goods in that department that has the Venus de Milo left at the starting post—why, the giddy things had been buckling down to the strenuous life act in great shape of late, planning out the Easter garments. There 's a deal of serious things to think over in Lent, anyhow, without bothering over the compo of a pastel pipe-dream, cut bias and trimmed with a L ' Aiglon funny trick. Yet the frolicsome gazelles ——."

Jagson was nothing if not practical. Still, it was strange to think of how everything had been altered and all by the passing of a girl of thirteen. A girl who did not even see him; or at least pretended not to do so. She went by and he made no attempt to pursue. Instead, he remained in the leafy hollow, forgetful of the little Rubaiyat and pondering over this new thing. There had come to him the consciousness that somehow this girl was different from any one he had ever known. The difference ——. "It was the hats that kept the grey matter working over-time for forty days," went on the voice that now brought up visions of a private assassination. "Why, the girl's couldn't sleep for wondering what sort of a rainbow bird would look best in the pink chiffon nest they got for $1.98, marked down from nine to ten to $2. But they settled it. And Easter—why, I looked at Franklin Street from a second-story window on that date and thought an aviary had had a mix-up with a dye-factory and the funeral was going past. That 's Lent all over. A poor cock-tail with a juicy cherry at the bottom. And the girls always did have a sweet tooth."

The difference was evanescent, intangible and to a boy of fourteen very puzzling. He had wondered at it from time to time, without discovering either its origin or nature. Gradually there awoke in him an uneasy consciousness of her presence, a mental pricking up of the ears whenever her name was mentioned. He lay awake o' nights wondering why her hair curled so curiously around her temples and had such wonderful tints in its depths when the sunlight fell on its surface. He was uncomfortable and embarrassed in her presence; and with her absence came the overwhelming desire of seeing her again. To-day she had come. It was as a witness ——.

"But I think Sedgewick will be elected," said Jagson. And Castle, remembering the politics of his paper and the fact that he was a reporter, said he thought so too. Then he left Jagson and climbed the narrow steps to the "Star" office.

He had his story all planned out. He wrote his headlines first as was his custom. They read:—

WIFE-BEATER IN COURT TO-DAY.

EDWARD OSBORNE TERRORIZES WIFE AND NEIGHBORS

TOWER OBJECTS TO PISTOLS.

Says That No Man Who Discharges One Shall Be Discharged By Him.

Then he began the opening paragraph. The story was to be in Castle's usual style. It would call the judge the Tower of Justice. Not because that meant anything, but simply because it was a habit of the "Star." Some reporter in the dark ages had started it and the paper kept it up. It would give the humorous side. It would give the details. It would make the home-going men forget the curves on the various trolley lines. Every paragraph would begin with an epigram and end in short sentences that would rivet your attention with a mental bump. Just so.

Castle was, in fact, starting in on the story when some one touched him on the elbow. It was the office boy, tousle-haired, and looking, as usual, as if the chief desire of his life was to occupy his father's trousers without undue cutting down.

"Please, sir, Mr. Castle," he said, "there 's a lady wants to see you down stairs."

There is no reception room in the "Star" office, so Castle went down resignedly to meet the woman who wanted him for something. It was Blanche.

"Ah, John," she said, as she came towards him in the darkened hall, her eyelids flickering in a parody of the glance of Heart's Desire, "I recognized you at once. And you— have you forgotten?"

Blanche was attractive. But rouge isn't becoming to any one at noon. So Castle answered with composure.

"I had not. I never shall, I think."

The last sentence was added in respect to the sonnets. A poet would do no less. But it sufficed. Mrs. Osborne went on.

"I 've a great favor to ask of you. I saw you taking notes about Ed and myself. I want you to leave us out of the paper. It 's so— well, all the niggers are in, you know. And I thought ——."

Castle pondered a moment. The daylight beat cruelly upon the woman's raddled cheeks. Still the woman was Blanche.

"Yes, you thought," he said finally, "you were right. I 'll do it on one condition."

The woman stared.

"What is it?" she asked.

"That," said Castle, smiling a little—he realized that no hero of romance would have worn glasses with a string at this moment, "I leave entirely to you."

The woman waited.

Then she came to Castle and kissed him.

"I thank you," he said, "you never did before, you know. There is only one thing I 'd like to ask; do you care for him?"

The woman pondered for a moment. Then a light came into her eyes that made her seem almost as if Heart's Desire was not all a phantom.

"Yes," she said, "he beats me on an average of six times a week. But, strange as it may seem, I care for him more than I do for the universe."

"Thank you," said Castle, "I will look to the little matter you mentioned."

Then he watched her go out into the street and prayed he would never see her again.

Castle went up-stairs and tore up his copy. Then he wrote the story of the boys who had rocked the woman on Randolph Street. It was a poor story.

The man at the desk said so when he handed it in. He said it was a hiatused, hiatused poor story. He wanted to know what in the hiatused, hiatused, etc., Castle meant by handing in such stuff.

Castle heard about it later. But just at that time he was on his way to the "Day" office. He asked for Smith, who came down, suspicious and grimed with the dust that printer's ink always breeds.

"Hello, old man," said Castle, "written your court stuff?"

"Not yet," said Smith, "what 's up?"

"Nothing much," said Castle, "Just want you to leave out that Osborne case. That is, fix it up. Make it Auburn or something, you don't mind?"

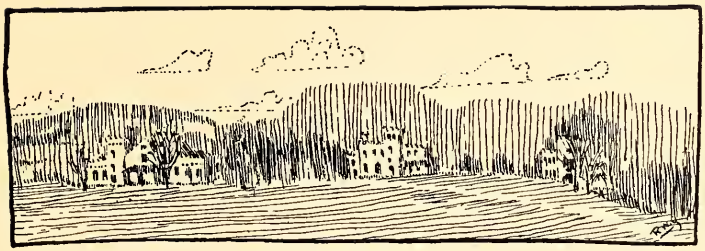
"Course not, old fellow. I 'll take the Randolph Street boys for the lead, if you like. Just as good a story. Only, I don't see why you 're interested in the Osbornes. Come and have a drink."

"Oh, that—that 's a private affair. But on the whole, I don't care if I do."

So they went, and had a quiet Scotch. Then both came back to their work.

It was a good thing to know that Blanche was happy. Still, Castle couldn't help wondering whether she had noticed how the warm weather made his glasses slide down his nose.





A Dream.

(SET TO "HOLY CITY.")

Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair,
Once more afar in Lexington
I saw the Institute there.
I heard old "Taps" resounding
And back as the echo came,
Methought once more a cadet I was,
It all seemed just the same;
Methought once more a cadet I was,
It all seemed just the same.

I heard the sentry calling,
And the tramp of weary feet,
The old familiar "All is well"
Again my senses greet.
I saw the parade-ground sleeping
In the sheen of the silver moon,
And barracks was all hushed, asleep,
Though the hour was still full soon;
And barracks was all hushed, asleep,
Though the hour was still full soon.

And then again the scene was changed,
New life there seemed to be;
I heard the notes of reveille,
Guard-mounting could I see.
The light of morning was over all,
The day's work was begun,
And all who would, might enter,
Though there 's the "gim" for some.
So, as of yore, the day goes by,
With evening, dress parade.

It was the same old V. M. I.
That would not pass away,
It was the same old V. M. I.
That would not pass away.

Oh! V. M. I., dear V. M. I.,
Loud may your praises ring.
Come every State, both small and great,
Let each a tribute bring.

M. B. R.

SENIOR ELECTRICITY CLASS.

Colonel "M— —k" Mallory Instructor.

Members.

"Bird" Blunt
"Drowsy" Carter
"Iky" Davenport
"Logy" Hudgins
"Sniff" Kelly
"Dinks" Marshall
"Monkey N." Nicholson,
"Buster" Peyton
"Pink Stew" Stuart
"Corp" Wilford
"Ich habe" Wingo

SENIOR ENGINEERING CLASS.

Colonel "Bobby" Marr Instructor.

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"Jimmy Dice" Allderdice
"Violet P." Cabell
"Putz" Cannon
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"Peck" Fry
"Muchee Poodle" Godfrey
"Nat Day" Goodwin
"Hub" Hubard
"Widow" Johnson
"Rooster" Johnson
"Hungry Prunes" Kean
"Irish" McCabe
"Booze" McIntyre
"Pug" Marshall
"Mrs. Murphy" Moncure
"Rucklings" Rucker
"Sheep" Sheppard
"Tommy" Todd
"Woul" Wall

SENIOR CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Colonel "Boo Boo" Pendleton Instructor

Members.

"Brit" Britton

"B. A." Hudson

"Josh" Levy

"Guttenheimel" Martin

"Peter" Miller

"Chief" Roller

"Buzz" Ryland

"Bunny" Watson

The Subs.



H Hocky! so broad-shouldered and cute!
He thinks he carries the Institute
In his hand, so all can see
How well it 's run by "the General" and *he*.
But the place will run with wildest joy,
When "Billy" fires the office boy.

Little "Tolly" ranks after "Hock,"
And keeps bull-dozers off of "Stock."
He was as nice to him as he could be
For he often let him act "O. C."
He bums with "Mallory," wears sporty clothes
And has a good opinion of what he knows.

The next on our list is the square top divinity
Called also "cube-root of minus infinity."
As a world-famous actor we now speak of him
For he 's been everything from "O. C." to "Gim."
Some idle day 't is our fondest hope
To seek his virtues with a microscope.

Athletic "Goat," so trim and fine
Can always be found in thirty-nine,
Where he recuperates daily ever so fast
From his famous drills of the rodent gym. class.
The reports he makes are always true
Except against the occupants of Seventy-two.

It 's funny how extremes will meet,
Even in our menagerie the chain is complete.
About the only one, whom we suspect
Of never seeking after a deck,
Is "Derby;" a rattling good fellow, and strictly true blue,
We 're glad to boost him, with a "bum" rhyme or two.

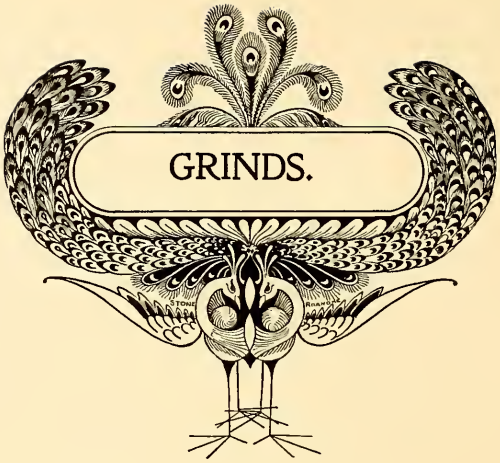
Poor little "Jimmie Jones" sits up late alone,
He 's teaching higher math, so you see he has to bone.
"Old Nick" hit him a trifle hard,
And told him he should be walking guard.
J. J., you once told me to "hit you with a club,"
If you ever came here as a d—— "bull sub."

But look in the room with "Tolly" and "Stock"
And see our new edition—small-sized "Hock."
We suppose he 's come, and here to stay
Till his face is thin and his hair is gray.
He 's a big man now but the same old "Hock,"
Whose grammar would stop a twelve-day clock.

H. P. F. '01.

IN A LIGHTER VEIN





" Better the Day, better the deed."—Nat Go-d-w-n.

" A big round fat oily man."—Bob M.

" It would talk, Lord it would talk."—Wall.

" A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; but oh! I am so sleepy."
—Carter.

" He was a man of unbounded stomach."—Rucker.

" My life is one d— horrid grind."—Davenport.

" The woods are full of them."—Pug Marshall.

" She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested."—Janie John—.

" Fashioned so slenderly, so young and so fair."—Roe Kelly.

" A burnt child dreads the fire."—Blunt.

" Be silent or say something better than silence."—Ryland.

" Every path hath a poodle."—Dick Godfrey.

" A little authority makes a small man great."—Sheppard.

" If all fools wore white caps we should look like a flock of geese."
—Visitors to a certain box on April 1st.

" Martin, Martin, if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold."

" Brer Rabbit he lay low and say nothing."—Watson.

" Lord, but he does worship the Fox."—Hubard.

" H looks as if butter would melt in his mouth."—Elliot.

" I ed like a farmer; I shall grow fat as a porpoise."—Cannon.

" Up! Up! My friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you 'll grow double;
Up! Up! My friend, and clear your looks!
Why all this toil and trouble? "—McIntyre.

" Whose game was empires, whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth, whose *Dice* were human bones."—Alderdice.

" He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."—Todd.

" A Britton in love should be a subject not a slave."

" A green old age unconscious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days."—Roller.

" Let me have men about me that are fat."—Hudson.

" Put money in thy purse."—Stuart.

" Do you think I was born in the woods to be afraid of an owl? "
—Wilford.

" The sight of you is good for sore eyes."—Hudgins.

"Is this that haughty gallant, gay Leonard?"—Nicholson.

"Thy head is full of fights as an egg is full of meat."—McCabe.

"He is not in the roll of common men."—Dinks Marshall.

"I would the gods had made thee poetical!"—Fry.

"He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man."—Cabell.

"His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll."—Wingo.

"He has a lean and 'Hungry' look."—Kean.

"Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too discreet,
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet."—R. W. Johnson.

"Hail fellow, well met."—Peyton.



"F = Ma."

Among the honors you 'll have to pass
In the latter half of the Second Class,
You 'll see in box-car letters scored
This strange device on "Old Nick's" board—" F=Ma."

Strange tales he tells of high success
And royal luck in fortune's quest.
If your time in leisure you would spend
Just have these words at your finger's end—" F=Ma."

When maiden's smile you try to win,
And know not exactly how to begin,
Just wend your way some night alone,
And whisper in the sweetest tone—" F=Ma."

If in your wanderings on pleasure bent
You find you haven't a copper cent,
Just rob a bank and before you're gone
Leave your card with the phrase thereon—" F=Ma."

If you should wish to jump to fame
As master of our national game,
You can hold straight flushes and win the pot,
Unless you 've the magic words forgot— " F=Ma."

But we 've learned them well, these words you said
And many 's the "three" as a price we paid,
So when our success you have heard
Just trace them back to that magic word—" F=Ma."

FRY '01.



Essay on the Battle of N____ M____

CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE.

G. C. M., Jr., '01.



A Mesozoic Tragedy.

Early in the time Cretaceous,
When the Arch-ae-optryx lived and trilled,
Lived a gallant Stegosaurus,
Huge of form as pictured for us
In the Laramie, the Comanche, and the Como beds well filled.
Counted he back from the Triassic
A sworn and registered pedigree,
Descended from the Nothosaurus
Cousin to the Proterosaurus
Paelaezoic, on his fossil family-tree.

Curved back, an ardent lover,
He loved a maid, so bright and fair,
By name Ornithostoma, his affinity
Toothless bill, winged, sweet virginity
Blushing habitué of both earth and air.
Oft he wooed her in the gloaming;
Brought her gifts of every kind;
Braved the waters of the Dakota
For Sassafras and remoter
Parts, new and costlier sweets to find.

But love ne'er ran smooth tho' Mesozoic,
Troubles impended in this Epoch;
For there came to spoil the wooing
As 'neath her parental tree, soft cooing,
Sat our Stegosaur on an igneous Archean rock,
A Megalosaurus, Dinosaur carnivorous,
Walking on his hind legs erect,
With huge teeth grinning spied he Ornithostoma

Alone, unchaperoned, without her mama
Shook his nasal-bone and stretched his neck.
This rude reptile was a "nobody";
No name, no ancestors, no family crest, he had
Bought with lucre his position,
An upstart, parvenu, an imposition
("Spontaneous generation," gossip said).

Saw he our Pterosaur on her Cycad
Murmuring soft love words to Stegosaur
And down he rushed, etiquette forgetting,
The fervid herbivorous swain upsetting;
They clinch, they mix with one wild prehistoric roar.
"Get thee hence," cried Stegosaurus,
Arching his back neath his loved one's tree,
"By my sires, Paeliozoic, Trias, Jura,
I'll disintegrate thee, thou Macrura,"
And chivalrously into him charged he.
Clashed carnivorous tusks 'gainst herbivorous molars,
Bone-plate Armor and Nasal-bone
Raging madly, in wild confusion
Analogous to the Appalachian revolution;
Trembled terra firma from zone to zone.
All Queensbury rules now neglecting,
This frenzied catastrophism held sway
Till beaten was the Megalosaurus
And eaten was the Stegosaurus,
Their race extinct, both lifeless lay.

Alone and sad wept Ornithostoma
Hot alkaline tears on every side
Till was dissolved her bower Siliceous,
She and both the rivals ferocious
Were slowly imbedded in Stratum Cretaceous
In Mobrara calcite were they petrified.

R. W. J., 01.



The Deserted Village Up to Date.

Sweet Lexington! slowest village in the State,
Where bedtime comes at half-past eight;
Where dryness reigns—no more the note
As sparkling booze goes down the throat.
How often have we walked thy streets,
In some sleepy church to take our seats,
And tried with heroic powers
To keep awake a pair of hours!
Old Town! there 's one thing you must know,
You are too confounded slow.
The days of '61 are past, to come no more—
Stage coaches are things of yore.
But it 's our age of sport and rush:
So wake up, old fossil, and get in the push!
Put up a place where one can go,
Once in a while, to see a show;
Give us once more the joint so dear,
Where we can buy a mug of beer;
Provide some excitement, for we can't begin
To live on what our folks have been.
Let us no more at thy slowness blush:
So wake up, old fossil, and get in the push!

H. P. F., '01.



A Psychological Pseudomorph.

There was a geologist named Gdeiss
Who on Metamorphism was very gpreceiss,
He could never resist
From the analysing of Schist
And he'd swear by Le Conte that 't was gneiss.

"THE MARSHALL AFFAIR."

R. C. Marshall, Jr., was Commandant.

St. J. R. Marshall was O. D.

M. B. Marshall was Sentinel.

G. C. Marshall was yelling out of H. Marshall's room.

R. C. Marshall gave special orders to St. J. R. Marshall to report men for yelling from windows, so M. B. Marshall reported Marshall, G. C., for yelling out of the window.

Marshall, St. J. R., forwarded the report to Marshall, R. C., who stuck Marshall, H., for five demerits for allowing Marshall, G. C., to yell out of his window, and J. J. Marshall saw it well done.

What used to Be.

Lady, no cap is on my head,
No visor on my brow,
I've lost my plume and lost my heart—
I'm not a soldier now.

"My uniform" I've taken off—
My "cits" I've just put on,
And silk I've substituted for
The leather stock I've worn.
No more the sound of cannon grates
Upon my ear, as when
It waked me up at break of day—
I was a soldier then.

But now without the "reveille"
I've learned to ope mine eyes,
And also can get up from tea
Without the word to "rise."
I'm not at "rest" when I should talk,
Don't flourish when I bow,
Nor do I march when I should walk—
I'm not a soldier now.

I've changed to glancing at a dress
My "dressing at a glance,"
And from the prompt maneuvres when,
Advancing up the dance.
Lady, no cap is on my head,
No visor on my brow,
I've lost my plume and lost my heart—
I'm not a soldier now.

I've torn my "differentials" up,
The leaves, ah! how they flew!
And "integrals" and "algebra"
Are out the window too.
The only "curvatures" I find
Are of a neck or brow,
I've made my arms my "asymptotes,"
My lips my "tangents" now.

I've changed my "co-sines" all to "verse,"
So did the muse require,
To boots my "logarithms" as
They raise me somewhat higher.
My "sextant" and "theodolite"
Are on the mountain's brow,
And they may get themselves the "height,"
I can not take it now.

For all my "measures" now I *tread*,
I "sight" through ladjes' eyes,
My "observations" are *remarks*,
Mid fish my "angling" lies.
And I can move without "command,"
Can sit up after "ten,"
Ah! how unlike my former self—
I was a soldier then.

Hero-Worship.

In olden times, when knights were bold,
And ladies fair had hearts of gold,
'T was doughty aim and trusty blade
That won the day, and won the maid.

But now, when gallants seek a wife,
They use no weapons in the strife;
Strong arms avail much in the field,
If it be football that they wield.

For blackened eye and broken nose
Proclaim the hero where he goes;
And maidens fair smile to behold
A gory champion, bruised but bold.

"Bill."

Of all the jobs at the V. M. I.,
The hardest one to fill,
Is that at present occupied
By the man we call "Old Bill."

We run him down when he jumps on us,
But we never stop to think,
That the trouble he has and the care he takes
Would drive a saint to drink.

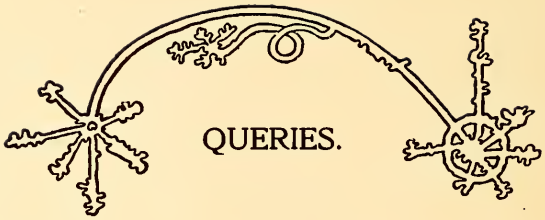
A professor's job you might call soft,
As for instance—"Bobby" and "Nick;"
And some others too, ne'er seem to do,
Any work—not a single lick.

But "Bill" has troubles, and all his own
To worry him day by day;
To be acting "papa" to a savage band,
Is by no means childish play.

But he runs things well, does "Uncle Bill,"
With a wonderfully patient art
And under the bearing so stern and gruff,
Lies a kind and noble heart.

So now just stop and together all
With the heartiest kind of will,
Give three cheers for our honored friend—
Eh! Eh! for old "Uncle Bill."

FRY.



We want to know—

How much " Stocky " pays the other " subs " to let him inspect?
Where " Ducky " got that walk?
Why " Tolly " is so cute?
If " Goat " is still waltzing?
If " Dice " can hypnotize?
What became of Kirk and McNeil?
What the U. Va. score was (0—0)?
How much Virginia pays her football team to play?
If " Puck " can ride a horse?
*If a bird is a reptile?
Who is Doctor Jockstroter?
What species are found at Pueblo, Col.?
How many languages McC— speaks in a football game?
Where " Boo Boo " got that hat?
Why " Tommy " " can't conceive for the life of me? "
Why " Hungary " can't get enough prunes?
Why " Nat " likes to go on O. D.?
Why " Dutchy " don't use that hair tonic?
Why " Ruck " and John " fin-out " when " Gen. Miles " is O. D.?

*Inquire of Mr. Cannon of Norfolk, Va.


FINALS

CALENDAR.

Thursday, June 20th . . . Opening Hop

Friday, June 21st Society Hop

Saturday, June 22d, 11 a. m.
. Gymnasium Exhibition

Saturday, June 22d, 7 p. m.
. Gymnasium Hop

Monday, June 24th Final German

Tuesday, June 25th . . . Alumni Banquet

Wednesday, June 26th Final Ball





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C. S. Roller, Jr. }
St. J. R. Marshall } Assistant Leaders.
C. C. McCabe }

Marshals.

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C. L. Todd, Jr.
G. C. Marshall, Jr.
M. M. Wilford
H. P. Fry
W. Goodwin
L. A. Britton

T. S. Carter
R. W. Johnson
J. L. Cabell
I. Davenport
W. W. Sheppard
C. E. Stuart
F. C. Elliot

D. E. Godfrey
J. B. Blunt
M. H. Hudgins
C. E. Wingo

A. E. Miller
G. C. R. Kelly
W. D. Rucker
G. W. Watson

L. D. Wall



THE FINAL-BALL



Wednesday, June 26, 1901.

E. D. Jackson Virginia President
H. Tutwiler Alabama Vice-President
R. A. Risser Texas Chief Marshal
R. F. Beirne Virginia Chairman Committee

Marshals.

T. M. Rinehart Virginia
A. B. Rawn Virginia
W. P. Upshur Virginia
M. F. M. Werth Virginia
J. W. Downer Virginia
H. G. Garland Virginia
R. M. August Virginia
M. B. Marshall Virginia



HUMOROUS.

What kind of a ship is General Shipp? A man-of war.

Cadets K., J., and W. are practicing music at the Y. M. C. A.;
Cadet W. (at the organ): "Say J— what shall I play next?"
Cadet J. (absent-mindedly): "Play the ace."

Elvira (posing at sutler's): "Homitz don't you think I 'm a Samson?"
Homitz.—"Vell you are slaying tose cream puffs mit der jaw bone of an ass."

Cadet "Jimmy."—"Colonel S. I couldn't study this lesson to-day. Had a cold in my head."
Colonel S.—"You should be congratulated, sir, I didn't know you had anything in it."

D. Beat.—"Dold, you give awfully short *weight* for the money."
Dold.—"Well, don't you give me a long *wait* for my money?"

Colonel S. (Professor of English, to Cadet B e): "What language do we get the word potato from, sir?"
Cadet B e.—"Irish, sir."

Colonel P. (Professor of Chemistry): "Mr. McN—, what are you doing with that telescope in the section-room, sir?" Boo boo!
Cadet McN—.—"Only trying to magnify those marks you gave me, sir."

Professor of Chemistry (to Cadet McN—, explaining characteristics of chemical reaction): Now, sir, if I placed a rock for an instant in my hat, would there be any reaction?"

Cadet McN—.: "Yes, sir."

Professor of Chemistry: "Then write it."

Cadet McN— (writing): Old Hat+Rock=Old Rat+Hock.

The Professor didn't see the joke.

An elephant sporting a trunk is quite common, but "Mrs. Hippo" with a dress-suit case was observed only this spring.

Captain M—. (to cadet): "How does water freeze, sir?"

Cadet: "With the slippery side up, sir."

Cadet W—ll (to Instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery): "Major, are sabres very effective at long range?"





HAPPENINGS THIS YEAR WHICH HAVE NOT HAPPENED.

January 1st. Colonel Nichols entertains the First Class with a tacky party.

January 4th. Colonel Mallory gives a large at home, in his small residence—to the First Class.

January 5th. "A Former Norfolk Lawyer" gives an exhaustive lecture upon how to cultivate patience in waiting for clients.

January 19th. Colonel Pendleton gives a tiddle-de-winks party to the First Class.

January 22d. Colonel Semmes entertains the First Class at croquet.

January 27th—February 18th. Captain "Goat" instructs the Fourth Class in gymnasium work.

February 20th.— Captain "Hughey" reports himself for "imitating inspector."

February 25th. Taylor Scott at last satisfied with his shoulders, sells his mirror.

February 27th. Rioting noticed in "Mez 'all."

February 28th. Captain "Tolly" gets reported for trifling with dynamo.

March 13th. Tommie Todd runs zero demerits two days.

March 20th. "Majah" Howard decides to lay aside the uniform.

March 24th. The religious editor of the BOMB didn't have the impertinence to ask old Nick for a recommendation to teach math.

March 28th. Captain "Ducky" promoted to Major.

March 30th. Colonel Nick and Major "Freddy" decide to arbitrate all future golf games.

April 1st. "All subs' day."

April 9th. Major "Puck" stops saying "this a way" and "that a way."

April 12th. N—t G—d—n becomes so disgusted with the study of Geology that he refuses to take a fossiliferous Mesozoic Shelenhofen archæopteryx to the Easter german.

April 14th. No one needed umbrellas or mackintoshes at the Easter hop.



"Class Toast."

When we break the cords that bind us
To our Alma Mater's knee,
And scatter like the chaff before the wind;
May our future years still find us
By a common sympathy
United yet the same old class of men.

If on the world we stumble
With everything to know,
Never having met the devil in disguise,
If in life's rough and tumble
We fall at the first blow,
Don't think we 've always found it otherwise!

If we fail to walk demurely,
Keeping at a saintly level,
Doing everything the little angels do;
Do not reckon prematurely
We are going to the devil
Just because of life—we take a liberal view

Then may some who are not lenient
With the petty faults of youth,
Who are always ever ready to condemn,
Be so kind as to remember
Future years will show this truth:
Time has ever been the making of a gem.

And as fortune's wheel turns onward,
May we all receive our dues,
Where merit is, may also honor come:
Now one and all together
Each other's sins excuse
And we 'll drink the health of Nineteen One.

EDITOR.





Fig. 104


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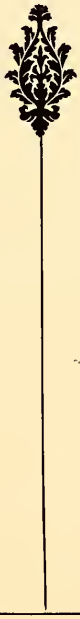
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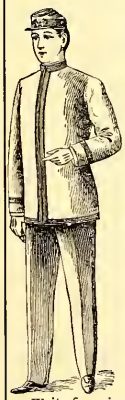
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